THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCV.—No. 1235

AUGUST 17, 1927

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The BYSTANDER

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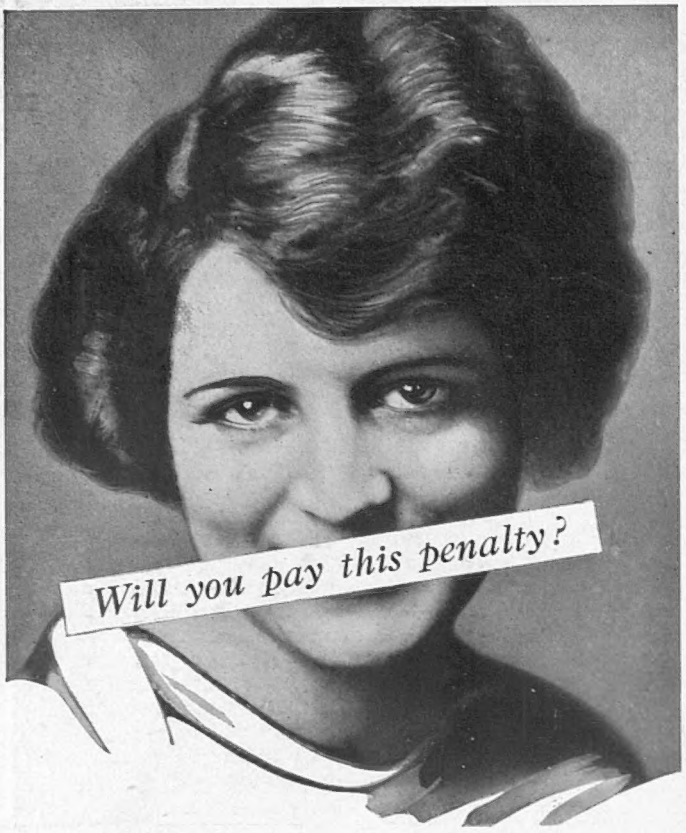

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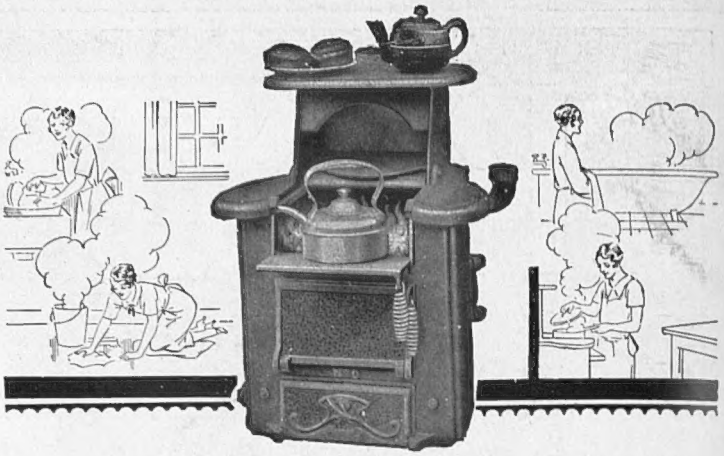

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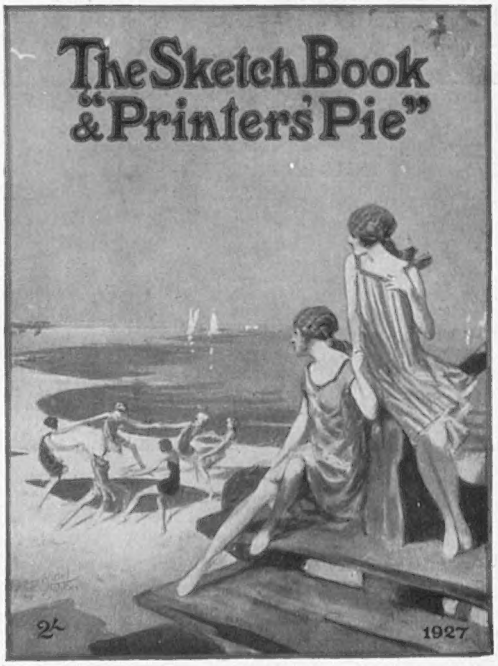

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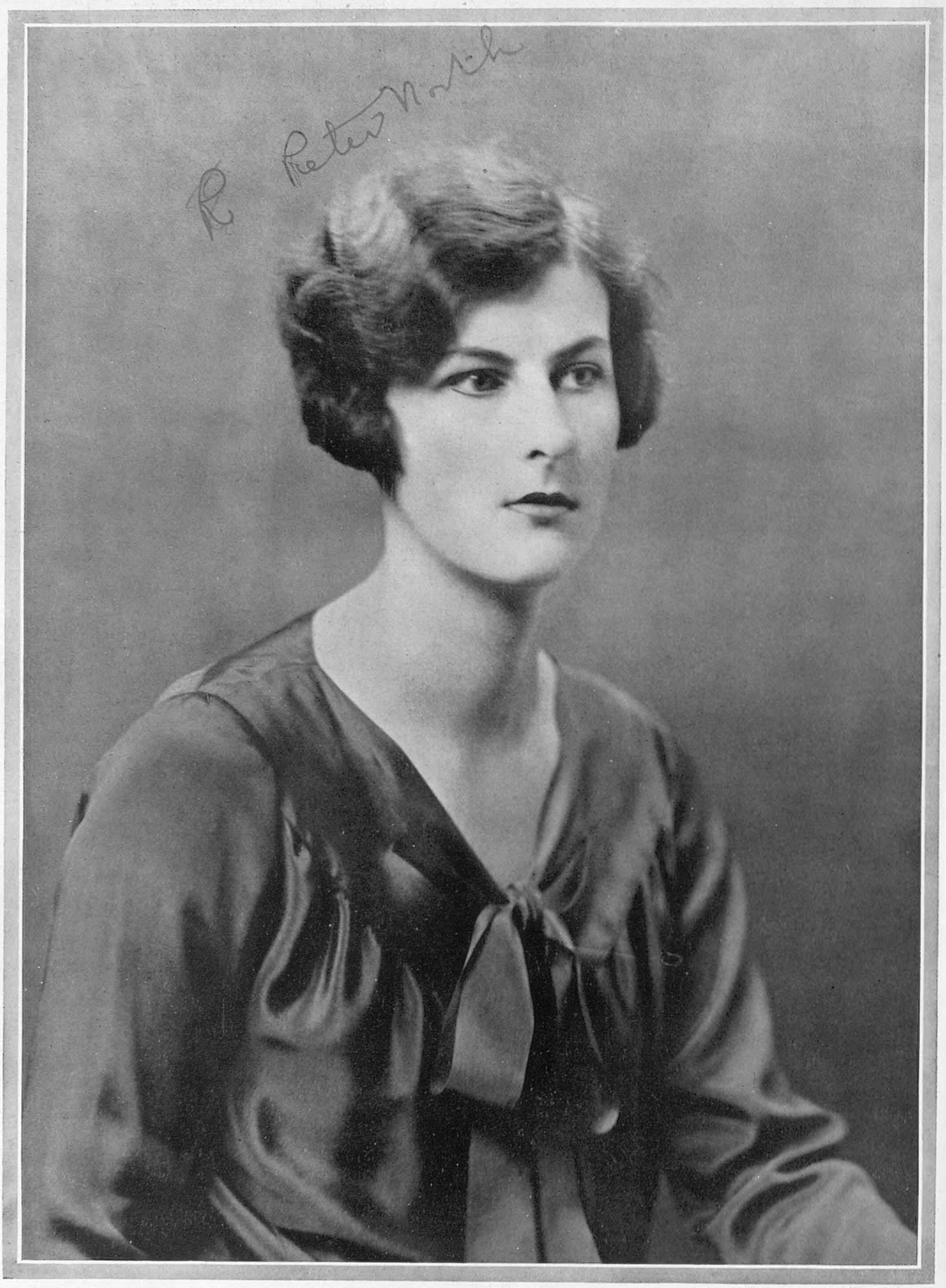
The BYSTANDER

BY RICK ELMES

THE "PEACHCOMBER"

In Scottish Society



Peter North

LADY JEAN DALRYMPLE

A new portrait of the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair. She is the eldest of a family of two sisters and four brothers, her brother, Viscount Dalrymple, being in his father's old regiment, the Scots Guards

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Court at Balmoral

It is generally supposed that Balmoral became a Royal residence through Queen Victoria's love of the Highlands, but, although this is true in a measure, she and the Prince Consort actually went there first on the advice of their doctor, Sir James Clark, an enthusiast on the beneficial effects of Deeside air. So bracing and restorative did Queen Victoria find Deeside that in the later years of her life she remained there until late in the autumn, driving out daily in an open carriage, no matter what the weather, and very often to the supreme chilliness and discomfort of her ladies.

Balmoral then was a very different place from the Balmoral of to-day. Carpets, curtains, and furniture covers were all of the Stuart tartan, which is all very well for kilts and plaids, but is peculiarly ugly and depressing when spread flat over doors or hung at windows.

After the middle of September the nights, and sometimes the days, in that part of the world can be penetratingly chilly. But there were no fires, and Ladies-in-Waiting got red noses and elbows, and Prime Ministers shivered in their bedrooms, which had to serve them for all their writing and despatch of business, the house being too small to permit of a second room being allotted to them. King Edward used to say that you could catch a different kind of cold in each room at Balmoral.

Miss Compton Collier

A SUMMERTIME STUDY

Lord and Lady Deerhurst with their younger daughter, Joan. Lord Deerhurst, who is the grandson and heir of the Earl of Coventry was married in 1921, Lady Deerhurst being the eldest daughter of Lord Kylsant

I.B.

IN IRELAND

Lord and Lady Downshire (left) and the Baroness Van Heemstre at a children's fête. This was held in the grounds of Lord Downshire's Irish seat, Murlough, Dundrum, in Co. Down

Open Windows

King Edward and Queen Alexandra made immense changes, and other alterations have been made by the King and Queen, until now Balmoral is one of the most delightful of country houses, gay with chintzes and the abode of comfort. In Queen Victoria's time there was always a Minister in attendance, generally the Prime Minister, for part of the time. This rule was broken by the late Lord Salisbury, who flatly refused to face the chilly bedroom allotted to the

Minister, and even chillier house, for all the windows were kept wide open.

King Edward abolished the attendance of a Minister, and now the Royal visit to Balmoral is a family holiday, with all possible relaxation from affairs and the cares of State. But even under these conditions the King is occupied for several hours a day with public business.

The Housing of the Household

WHEN the King and Queen arrive at Balmoral they always find the members of the Royal Household installed in the various houses allotted to them. The Castle itself is not large enough to accommodate the suite, and the number of Royal houses round about gives the King the opportunity of "lending" them to the principal members of his suite, who are thus enabled to have their wives and families with them for the time the Court is on Deeside.

Thus Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, is at Craig-Gowan, a house in the grounds; the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, the assistant private secretary, is at Altaguisach, a charming cottage on the Balmoral estate high up on the hillside; Sir Derek Keppel, the Master of the Household, is at Abergeldie Mains; Lord and Lady Shaftesbury are again at Abergeldie Castle, which does not belong to the King, but is held on a long lease, together with its shootings and fishings. King Edward and Queen Alexandra often stayed there as Prince and Princess of Wales. They also used to stay at Birkhall, which was King Edward's own property.

Birkhall is a house of considerable size, more English than Scottish in appearance. Queen Victoria bought the place and estate from King Edward, and added it, together with its salmon fishing in the Dee, to the Balmoral estate. This year it has been lent to Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn.

The Pipes

THE KING likes the bagpipes, and at Balmoral, as in most big Scottish houses, the pipers give the signal for getting up in the morning, and play through breakfast and after dinner. But they do not follow the custom, which obtains in many houses, of the family piper or pipers marching round and round the table during dessert. Unless the dining-room is unusually large this can be a painful infliction to the ears of mere Southrons. I remember once at a Scottish castle, where there was just room for the pipers to walk between the back of the guests' chairs and the wall, an Englishwoman rousing her host's intense indignation by involuntarily putting her hands to her ears when the first "skirl" burst upon us.

I.B.

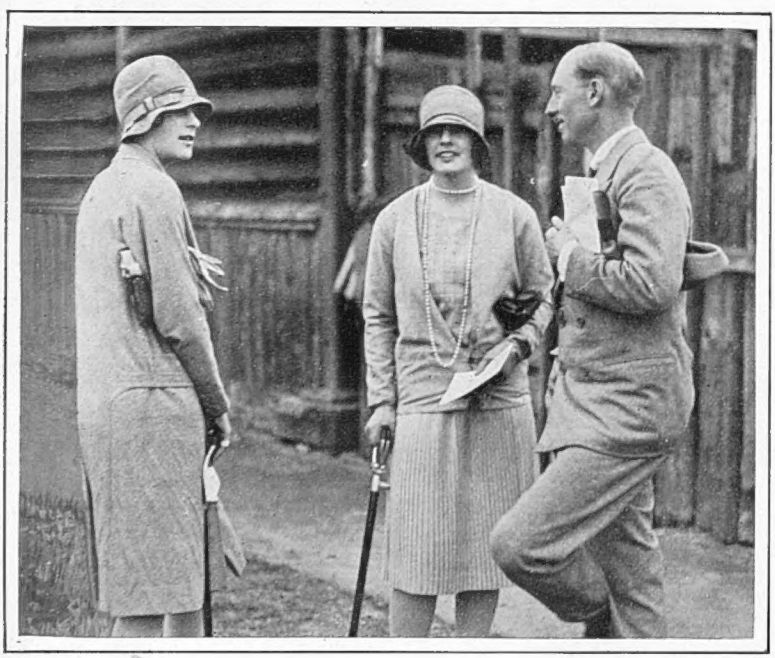
A DAY WITH THE DOGS

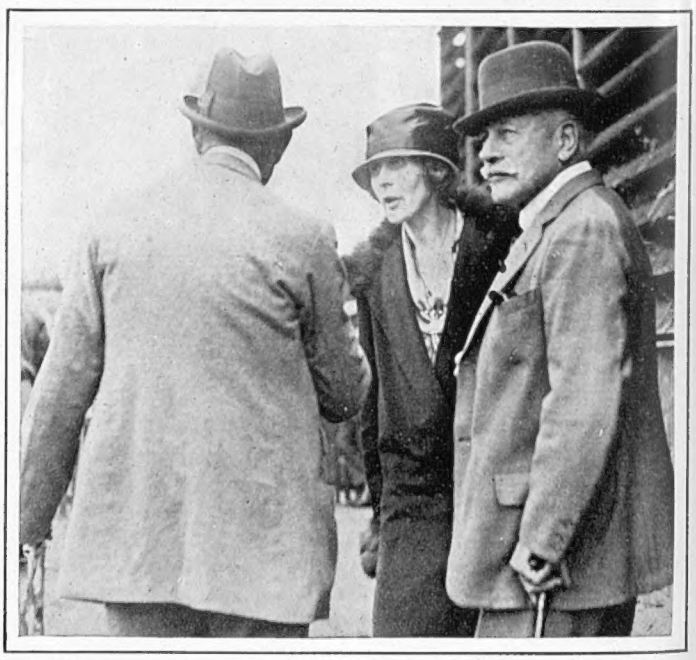
The Marquess of Waterford photographed with some of his setters which he entered for the Irish Red Setter Club's Annual Field Trials. This doggy "field day" was held at Brittas, Co. Wicklow

Sport and General

GUESTS OF THE BLACK WATCH

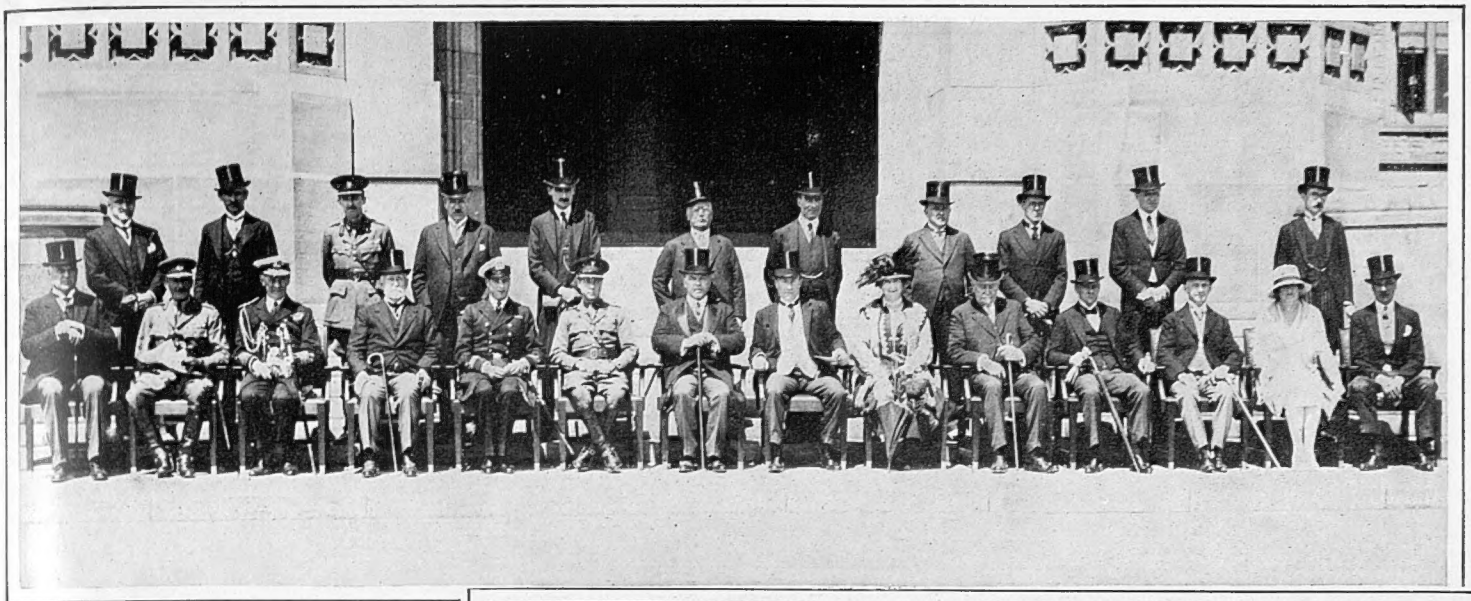
A group taken at the Black Watch Garden Party, which was held at Doo-Cot Park, Perth, on the occasion of the regiment's annual cricket match with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The photograph shows Sir Malcolm Mac Gregor of Mac Gregor (right) with Lady Mac Gregor and Mr. Archibald Murray





A HUNTING CENTENARY *Walter Brydon*

Two photographs taken at the recent Centenary of the Duke of Buccleuch's Foxhounds. On the left is the Master, the Earl of Dalkeith, talking with Lady Alexandra and Lady Victoria Haig, and on the right is Field-Marshal Earl Haig and Lord Henry Scott with Mrs. William Younger, of Ravenswood. The Duke of Buccleuch's was established by Walter 5th Duke of Buccleuch in 1827, and the country hunted is practically still the same

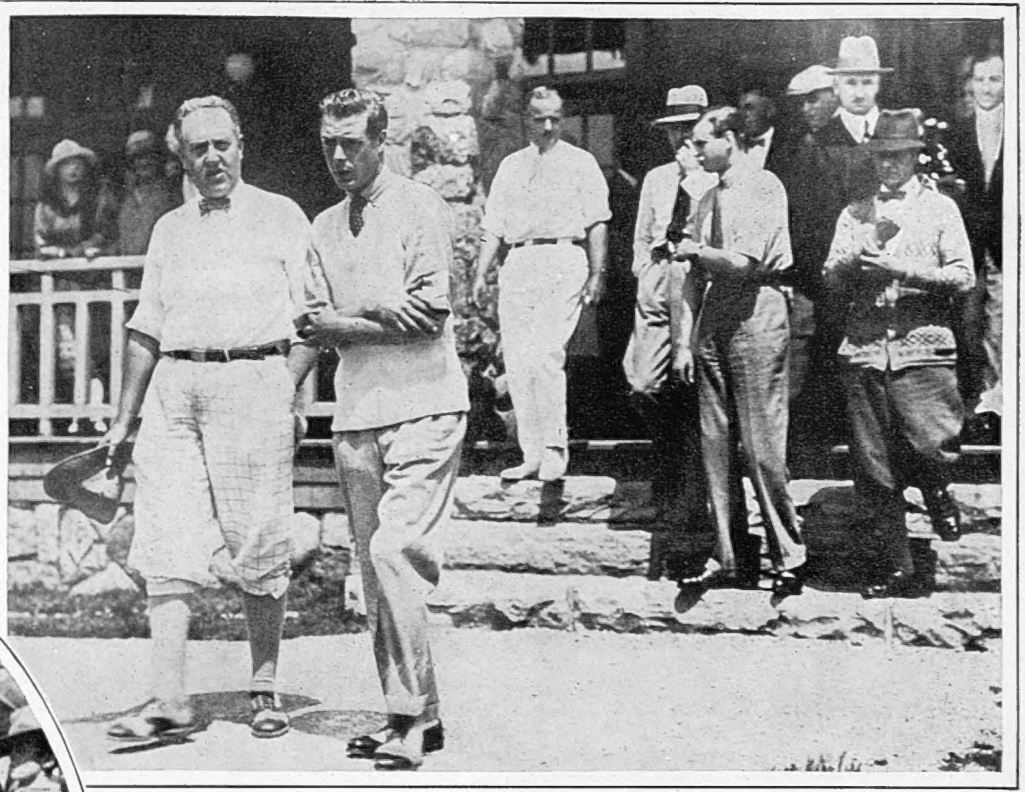


IN CANADA'S CAPITAL *Topical*

A photograph taken on the steps at the foot of the Peace Tower of the Canadian House of Parliament at Ottawa. The group includes the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin, the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King and the Hon. R. Dandurand

The Scottish Season

By all accounts the Scottish season this autumn promises to be a record. On some nights the trains have been run in as many as seven portions, and positive mountains of luggage with thousands of golf clubs have crossed the Tweed. Grouse prospects vary. In some places the warm weather in the spring, followed by cold and frosts, has had a disastrous effect; in others good bags are anticipated.



ON THE LINKS *Sport and General*

The Prince of Wales on his way to the first tee at the Laval-sur-Le Lac Golf Club, near Montreal. Prince George is seen in the centre of the group in the background

WITH THE MEN OF TO-MORROW *Topical*

The Prince of Wales inspecting a contingent of Canadian Boy Scouts who paraded in his honour. The inspection followed immediately after his civic reception at Montreal

Of the Highland gatherings the Braemar Gathering, the Northern Meeting at Inverness, and the Argyllshire Gathering are the three most frequented by Southrons and other non-Highland folk. All three take place in September—the Braemar Gathering, at which the King and Queen are invariably present, on September 8; the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban on September 14 and 15; and the Northern Meeting on September 22 and 23.

In former years much heartburning has been caused by the sale of tickets for the two Inverness balls to applicants without any regard to their being Highland folk or not. The result was that many people whose Scottish birth entitled them to attend found they had made their applications for tickets too late, with the consequence that the number of "strangers" at the balls was out of all proportion to the number of "natives." Steps have been taken, I understand, to prevent a repetition of this very just cause for discontent and heartburning.

Then there are the six Scottish autumn racing fixtures, which always attract a large number of visitors. These are the Western Meeting at Ayr on September 14, 15, and 16; the Lanark Autumn Meeting on September 19 and 20; the Musselburgh Meeting on September 21 and 22; the Caledonian Hunt Meeting at Hamilton Park on September 26 and 27; Perth Races on September 28 and 29; and the United Border Meeting at Kelso on October 13. So those who race as well as shoot have plenty of choice.

Duty to the Public

I HAVE often noticed nurses in the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Association—which is the practical nursing side

F. A. Swaine

THE BRIDAL RETINUE

A group taken after the wedding of Mr. Wilfred Hodder, eldest son of the late Rev. W. Hodder, of Coleford, and Mrs. Hodder, of Hythe, and Miss Ivy Joyce Wilkinson, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wilkinson, of Shotesham, Norfolk. The bridegroom is in the Indian Police

A V.C.'S WEDDING *L.N.A.*

Lieutenant-Colonel James Forbes-Robertson, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., the Gordon Highlanders, with his bride, Miss Hilda Forster, the youngest daughter of Sir Ralph Forster, of the Grange, Sutton, photographed at the bride's home after their marriage. Mrs. Forbes-Robertson was awarded the Royal Red Cross for her work during the war

Vandyk

TO BE MARRIED

Miss Hetty M. Hebeler, daughter of the late Captain R. S. Hebeler and of Mrs. Dand of Honiton, Devon. She is to marry Mr. Hercules D. Pakenham of the Grenadier Guards

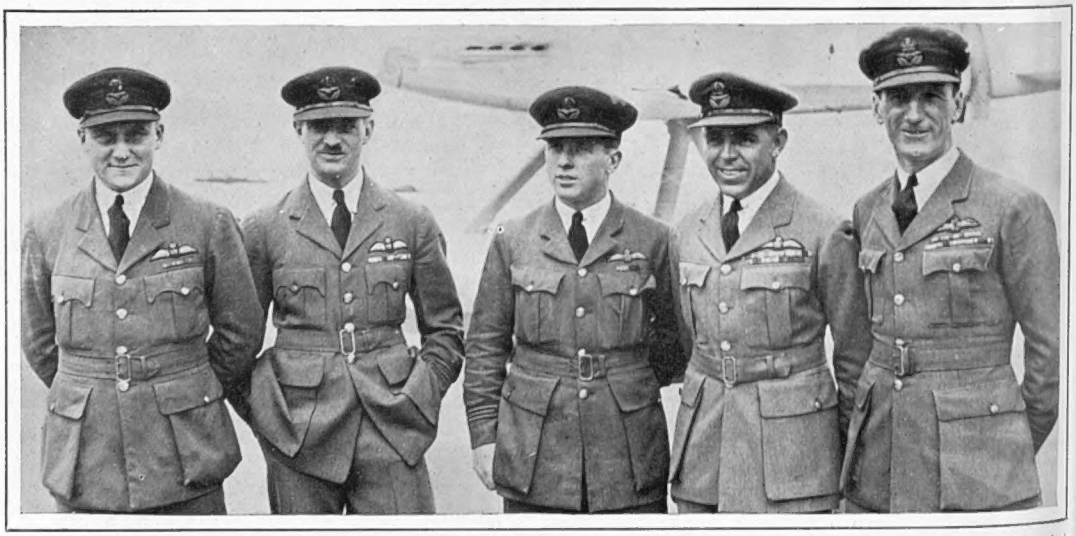
of the ancient Order of St. John of Jerusalem—on duty in the streets during Royal and other processions, but it was only the other day that I learnt the wide ramification of the work of the Association, and what a debt of gratitude is owed to its members by the London public.

In London the Association is divided into areas, and these again into divisions, all the members of which give voluntary service. They are all in continuous training in first-aid work. In addition to attending all public processions, where invariably they have to attend to cases of fainting, etc., there are always two St. John nurses on duty at concerts at the Albert Hall. They are likewise present at the Chelsea Flower Show and Richmond Horse Show. At Ranelagh and Wimbledon they have a permanent little hospital to which casualties are immediately taken and attended to; at Ascot and the Derby they have hospital tents. Some little time ago a suggestion was made by some theatrical managers that a St. John nurse should be on duty every night in the theatres, but so far it would seem there is a difficulty in meeting this suggestion, as, besides their duties at public ceremonies and great gatherings, many of these voluntary nurses work in hospitals in order to relieve the strain on the professional nurses.

At the Royal Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace there is always a St. John Ambulance Association tent, with two nurses in attendance. At the Garden Party in July they had what at first threatened to be a most serious case. One of the guests got a raspberry pip into her windpipe and was almost choked. But for the skill and knowledge of the two nurses the result would probably have been disastrous.

There are many women who give up a considerable portion of their time to this work for the public, the majority of whom accept it without the least knowledge of the sacrifice of time and pleasure it involves. No St. John nurse is allowed to go on duty in the streets or elsewhere, or at the hospitals, until she has passed an examination which proves her capability.

The arrangements for the supply of nurses for these public duties is no easy matter. Application for nurses is made by the authorities to what is known as "The



Topical

FIVE BRITISH AIR HOPES

The Schneider Cup team who it is hoped will win back the Cup for Britain on secretly built 'planes which are the fastest ever made in this country. F.O. H. M. Schofield (left), Fl.-Lt. O. E. Worsley, Fl.-Lt. S. M. Webster. Fl.-Lt. S. M. Kinkead and Squad.-Leader L. N. Slatter

Gate"—that is, St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell, the headquarters in England of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. It then rests with the head of the Ambulance Association to collect the required number of nurses from the various divisions, and likewise to allot their positions along the line of route if it is the case of a procession. As there are nurses on duty every day at Wimbledon and Ranelagh throughout the season, it is easy to understand that with regard to those two places alone a vast amount of arrangement is required at headquarters to ensure that smooth running and efficiency which is so striking a feature of the Association.

Sport and General

MR. MOUNTAIN (left), VISCOUNTESS DE SIBOUR MRS. MOUNTAIN AND VISCOUNT DE SIBOUR

BY THE FAR-FROM-SAD SEA WAVES

Some of those who enjoy the sea, sand, and sun on the Lido in costumes "as now worn." It is apparent that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"

Sport and General

MISS ANNE STORRS (left) AND MISS C. STORRS

Country Life

VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH, I hear, after his marriage to the Hon. Daphne Vivian, will live in the country at a place in Berkshire, which he and his bride-to-be are now busy in altering and decorating. Lord Weymouth, who once worked on a ranch in America, prefers a country life to life in London, a taste which is shared by Miss Vivian, the greater part of whose time has been spent at Glyn, her father Lord Vivian's place in Cornwall.

Miss Vivian is a niece of the twin sisters, the Hon. Violet Vivian and Countess Haig, who were both Maids of Honour to Queen Alexandra. Her stepmother, Lady Vivian, is the daughter of Sir Edward Lycett Green, whose wife was a daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. The marriage, it is said, will take place in October.

The Late Major Robert Grant

IT is with regret that we hear of the death of Major Robert Grant, D.S.O., M.V.O., who, after a gallant struggle of many years, died as a result of wounds received in 1915. Major Grant was the son of the late Sir Charles Grant, K.C.S.I., and entered the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own) in 1898, winning the D.S.O. in the Boer War. He was seriously wounded in the Great War in 1915, and of recent years took up writing with great success. He is particularly connected with THE BYSTANDER in that the jacket of his first book was designed by Miss Helen McKie, and he was hoping that she would do the same for his second book, now in the press. A short story by "Robin Grant" is appearing in the Christmas Number of THE BYSTANDER, and almost his last words were expressive of his pleasure of this story's acceptance and future publication.

Major Grant had an exceptional personality that endeared him to everyone with whom he came in contact, and it is particularly tragic that he should have succumbed to the operation that was his only possible relief from pain.

Alfieri

MRS. LOUIS BEAUMONT

Sport and General

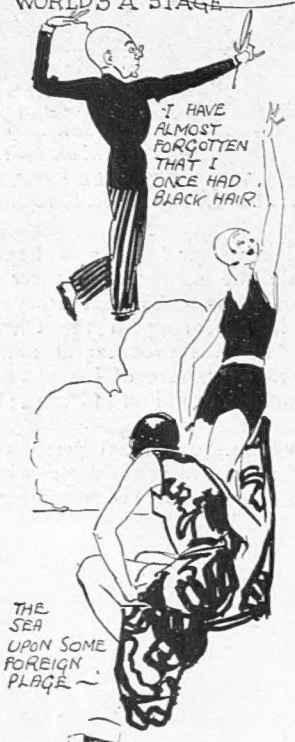
MAJOR AND MRS. HOLLEY

a. E. Johnson

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

SOME PEOPLE SNEER AT PASSPORT PICTURES



"I HAVE ALMOST FORGOTTEN THAT I ONCE HAD BLACK HAIR."

THE SEA UPON SOME FOREIGN PLAGE—

IS IT INEVITABLE THAT TRIPPERS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DISCARD THEIR DÉBRIS—?

THE BEACH TRADER IN MANY ENGLISH RESORTS IS AN OFFENCE.

My Passport

ON the 30th day of June in the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one I got myself a new passport. I signed my name in a fine, flowing hand, and had my photograph taken. Some people sneer at passport pictures, but mine is really quite a nice photograph, and I am rather proud of it than otherwise.

Worn at the Edges

MY passport was valid for two years from the date of issue. It has been twice renewed, and has rubber stamps all over it. Goodness me, how I have travelled, to be sure! New York, Vienna, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, Germany, Italy, and Spain—to mention only a few. No wonder my passport and I are getting a little worn at the edges.

This Can't be I

I SHALL have to get another passport very soon. Not because there is no room for more rubber stamps, but because the description of the bearer, to say nothing of the bearer's photograph, are not so true to life as they were. I have almost forgotten that I once had black hair, and I have acquired all sorts of facial peculiarities since the obliging young gentleman at the Foreign Office wrote "nil" in the space reserved for such odd features. And who is this lad who looks at me from the space reserved for photograph of bearer? Like the old lady in *Mother Goose*:—

> I begin to shake and I begin to cry:
> Lawks-a-mussey-on-us, this can't be I!

Taking the Sea

FROM all of which you will gather that I have joined the flood of Bystanders who are taking the sea upon some foreign *plage*. Terribly unpatriotic, of course, but until our home resorts commence to cater for bathers I am afraid the August exodus will continue. Foreign resorts are no longer cheap. You can pay as much for anything at Dieppe as you can at Brighton, but the bathing on the Normandy coast is an entirely different proposition. Fancy lying all day on the beach at Brighton!

Where Trippers Swarm

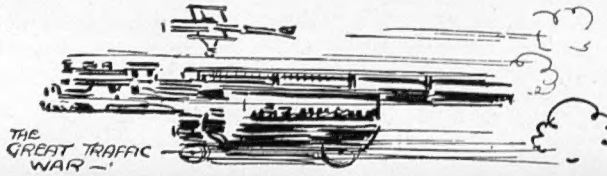
CONSIDERING the question, one arrives at the conclusion that only in the matter of bathing facilities do the British resorts lag behind their foreign rivals. But what an important matter this is, to be sure. For what else do we go to the sea in August? Granted that trippers must be allowed to swarm, is it inevitable that they should be allowed to discard their *débris* on every square inch of the foreshore? Couldn't some section of the beach be reserved for residents with more æsthetic tastes? and less liking for banana skins? I make the suggestion in all humility.

A Jolly Fellow

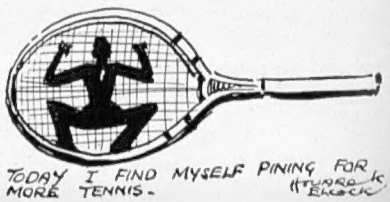
ONE other point. The beach trader in many English resorts is an offence, whereas the beach trader abroad, with his crystallised fruits stuck on little sticks is rather a jolly fellow. Compare, again, the man who sells you the latest Paris paper on the beach at Dieppe with the Blackpool newsboy. There is a *chic* about the whole thing that we fail to capture, but why our town authorities don't pay more attention to these small things I can't for the life of me imagine.

The Traffic War

TURNING to this great traffic war in which railways, airways, and motorways are fighting for a major share of the travelling public. It has been announced by some wiseacre, who knows very little about it, that the railways will take the long-distance traffic, while the motors subsist on the bits and pieces that fall from the rich man's table. I am quite sure that the railways are much too firmly established to be afraid of competition, but it is just as



THE GREAT TRAFFIC WAR—



TODAY I FIND MYSELF PINING FOR MORE TENNIS.

By David Wilson

THE "CAROL" OF COOLIDGE!

'I know that *they* will call *me* back—again!" (*Old song slightly altered*)

well to realise exactly what that competition is and why it is receiving support.

Youthful Pioneers

Imprimis, the railway is pre-eminently the best means of getting from one point on the map to another point on the map, provided that getting there is your chief concern. But there are certain curious people who like to look around them as they go, and who are more obsessed with the actual journey than with their ultimate arrival. For such as these the long-distance motor car holds out irresistible attractions, and the youthful pioneers who, some four years ago, started to blaze motor trails across Europe and North Africa, under the trading name of Motorways, tell me that they are doing quite nicely and are making many converts to the new means of transit.

The Odd Man

But because there is now a regular service of motor cars from Boulogne to Nice it is not to be supposed that the P.L.M. is getting the wind up, or that directors of the Golden Arrow and the Blue Train are lying awake o' nights. The majority of travellers will always be in a dickens of a hurry to get to their journey's end, and such enterprises as Motorways will always be for the odd man who holds unconventional views on the subject of travel. Being myself a bit of an odd man I like to think that these individual enterprises continue to exist, and that pioneers will always be found who have the interests of the odd man at heart.

Movies and Speakies

When I bumped into George Grossmith on the *plage* at Dieppe I forbore to ask him whether Miss Betty Balfour might possibly have repeated her screen successes if she had continued in her intention to appear as leading lady in the new musical play at the Adelphi Theatre. As producer of *Up with the Lark*, Mr. Grossmith would certainly have had views on the subject, but I felt that it would have been invidious to have pinned him down to an expression of opinion beneath the cloudless skies of Normandy. Very few screen artistes have made good when transferring from the movies to the speakies, and we can only surmise how Miss Balfour would have fared.

Petrol Pranks

Are we making too much of the unbidden guest, who made his appearance during the past season of super-dances and super-supper parties? My morning paper devotes a leading article to the silly escapade at Phyllis Court, when certain bright spirits literally "set the Thames on fire," and says the host of a party should not be saddled with responsibility "in these days when *uninvited* guests appear to mingle so freely and easily with chosen friends." I hold no brief for the uninvited guest, but I seem to have heard of petrol pranks even in days when the uninvited guest was completely unknown.

A Film Star's Return

A large number of people was present at the luncheon at the Savoy given by the European Motion Picture Company in honour of Mr. Reginald Denny, the Universal Films star, on his return to England from the U.S.A. Among those who spoke were the Marquess of Donegall, Sir Alan Cobham, and Mr. James V. Bryson, managing director of the European Motion Picture Company; while Mr. Denny's reply to his toast was as jolly and breezy as his own personality. It is always pleasant to welcome a successful countryman home to his native land, especially if he happens to be a member of a famous stage family.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

ALEC TAYLOR IS REPORTED TO BE RETIRING FROM MANTON

Last of the Classics

I AM asked by a reader to give a list of the probable starters for the St. Leger, which is to be run on September 7. It seems to me that there will be a fairly large field, for the absence of Call Boy and Sickle gives the race a decidedly open aspect. It is true that Book Law is being quoted at a comparatively short price. At this time last week 9 to 4 was the best offer you could get about the Manton filly. I believe she has a first-class chance of winning, but the odds do not tempt me at the moment. She will probably be accompanied in the race by her stable companions, Chantrey and Sledmere. I hear that a leading jockey has been engaged to ride the former.

A Manton Colt

SLEDMERE made an interesting reappearance on the racecourse last week, and his form was disappointing. He was easily beaten into third place by Fancy Free at Nottingham, and on this running his chances of winning a classic race would seem to be rather slender. At the same time it should be borne in mind that Sledmere is still on the backward side, and I imagine that he will be all the better for his race in the Midlands. The nominal second favourite for the St. Leger is Hot Night. Sir Victor Sassoon has not stayed in England to see his colt perform at Doncaster, but for all that he hopes to receive a cable from his trainer on the evening of the race announcing that Hot Night has proved successful.

Hot Night

IT is a little difficult to know what to say about this colt. His form in the Derby was brilliant enough, and if he produces the same excellence on the Town Moor, Book Law will not find it easy to beat him. But Hot Night seems to be a most difficult colt to train, and James Crawford has not an enviable task in preparing him for the St. Leger. If the colt is given one strong gallop too many he is liable to go to pieces. I sincerely hope that he will be at his best on St. Leger day; in that case the great race will not fall very much below its usual interest. There is a chance that we may see His Majesty's colours carried in the St. Leger by St. Sylvestre, who appears to be an improving colt, but it is not expected that he will reach full maturity until he is four years old.

Some Outsiders

LORD BEAVERBROOK will be represented in the race by Restigouche, who showed us at Liverpool last month that he is decidedly on the up-grade. In fact, I am inclined to take this well-bred colt as being the best of the St. Leger outsiders. The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme intends to run Prester John. She would like to have the services of Joe Childs in that race, but this jockey holds retainers in other directions. If St. Sylvestre runs he will be ridden by Childs. In the absence of the King's colt he may have to ride Lemington for Sir John Rutherford or Blue Boy for Lord Woolavington. Mr. Anthony de Rothschild will compete with Tattoo, who at least will not be lacking in stamina. Sir Abe Bailey is practically sure to have a runner, though whether it will be Legislator or Son and Heir cannot be stated at the moment. I must also include Bonny Boy II in my list of probable starters. Although some surprise was caused when this colt was not entered in the Cesarewitch, he appears to be in good work with the Clarehaven string, and I expect the Doncaster classic is his objective.

Shian Mor

NO doubt we shall see Shian Mor in the colours of Mr. J. S. Courtauld. This colt ran most creditably into third place in the Derby, but that effort appeared to settle him for the time being, as he gave rather a mediocre exhibition at Ascot. Since then he has had a comparatively easy time, and the chances are that he will come out on the Town Moor in something like his best form. The Aga Khan has several entries for the race, and I take it Hossan is likely to be his representative. If this French-bred colt is to win he will have to improve enormously on the feeble display he gave at Goodwood. Kincardine is likely to run for Atty Persse's stable, while Buckfast is another probable starter. Lord Derby has been disappointed with Sickle, but he may run Bythorne in the faint hope that she will repeat the successes which he gained in this race with Keysoe and Tranquil. This, I think, completes the list of St. Leger candidates worth bothering about.

On Tees-side

STOCKTON will provide its usual interesting racing this week. On Wednesday the Hardwicke Stakes may be won by **Sparkles,** and the sharp mile for the Stewards' Handicap should suit **Harpist.** On the concluding day of the fixture the Durham County Plate may go to **Legislator,** and the Middlesbrough Welter to **Evening Rose.** There will also be mid-week racing at Bath, followed by fixtures at Hurst Park and Haydock. Next week comes the delightful meeting of the Knavesmire, where the racing army, which has been split up since Goodwood, will reassemble. The big event, the Ebor Handicap, looks like being as successful as ever. Pons Asinorum has a chance to repeat the success he gained in this race last year, but both he and Finglas appear to have been well looked after by the handicapper. This is an ideal course for Serabella, who was second twelve months ago, and with Joe Childs in the saddle she will again be prominent in the fighting line. I shall defer my selection until next week.

LORD LONDONDERRY AND THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND — THEIR HOME MEETING IS AT STOCKTON THIS WEEK.

THE TOUT 1927

In the Saddle at the Cross-in-Hand Horse Show

UP AND OVER

Mrs. Hope Murray, on "Blackrock," clearing an obstacle in good style in the Open Jumping Competition

HONOURS EVEN

Miss Winnie Hilder and Miss Olive Ricks armed to the teeth. They divided the first prize which was given for the best girl rider at the show

Photographs AN OLD TIME NOTE *Sport and General*

Jumping in sections during a display given by the 11th Hussars in uniforms of the past at the Cross-in-Hand Horse Show. This Show proved a great success, and drew a large crowd to the attractive Sussex Village

PLAYING THE GAME

By "PENDARVES"

D. R. JARDINE

The old Oxford blue and Surrey player, who is one of the best amateur batsmen in the country and captained England against the Rest at Bristol. He is a solicitor in private life

A Fine Side

MORE information is now to hand about the "Waratahs" who have already sailed from Australia to shake up some of our next season's Rugger sides. They are the first really representative Rugby combination to leave Australia during the last twenty years. The side is said to be as good as the famous 1907-8 lot. They certainly seem so on paper. I shall be very surprised if they don't administer some fearful hidings up and down the country. The club sides who meet them late in the season will be lucky. The "Waratah" weakness is that they have got several "old 'uns" among their best men, who are not likely to quite stay the course of a gruelling season. They have got a quite remarkable five-eighths player in W. B. J. Sheehan, whose resource under all circumstances of stress is apparently unfailing. Also a second Nepia, in A. W. Ross, the full-back. When one remembers that they put up a stout resistance every season to the pick of New Zealand football one realises that they will probably play Old Harry with any English or Scottish club side that does not go full out with their very best men available.

What is a Swimmer?

APPARENTLY before you can justifiably call yourself a swimmer, according to Mr. William Henry, the secretary of the Royal Life-Saving Society, you must be able to swim, without stopping, 100 yards breast stroke, and 50 yards on the back, without using the hands, *i.e.*, propelling the body by the legs only; when you have done this you are a "swimmer," competent to look after yourself "in any emergency." But surely a person who can just manage to struggle through this test on a morning when the sea is as flat as a lily pond would find it quite another pair of bathing shoes on a day when the boat capsizes 150 yards out, with an ebb tide and a nasty swell running? It always amuses me to hear these hard-and-fast rules laid down by stereotyped authority. It creates undue optimism in people's minds.

A Great Game

REALLY the ingenuity of some of our contemporaries is wonderful. Here, at last, has a Sunday newspaper brought to light a game I have been looking for for years. They will pay me £500 for picking losers! You are to name six losers in the six races ('osses not grey'ounds) to be run at, say, Nottingham next Monday. In other words, the sort of horses you habitually back in the ordinary way of business. So that instead of losing money on losers you will actually be winning by losing. (N.B.—This last sentence should be read *before* cocktail time.) But how is any great newspaper, however wealthy, going to stand up against the avalanche of claims, mine amongst them, that will descend upon them? But, half a minute—not so fast. What will *happen*, of course, will be that you (and I) will select carefully the six most disgusting and hopeless outsiders, which we should none of us dream of backing in the ordinary way of business, and ONE OF THEM WILL WIN at 20 to 1. This will, presumably, put you out of the running for the £500; and, not having backed the darned thing, you are "down the road" as heretofore. Nevertheless, my hat comes off to the newspaper in question for the sheer novelty of the idea.

Sketches by MAC

TWO SURREY STARS

"Razor" Smith, the Surrey coach and famous old-timer (left), and Barling. The latter is easily the best Surrey youngster of the year and is now a "regular"

The Ping Peril

YOU all know the "ping" peril. How, when you are just on the brink of the precipice of sleep that deadly "p-i-n-g" of the hungry mosquito advances upon you across the bedroom. People, especially on the South coast, for some undefined reason, are suffering acutely from them these holidays, due, so the bacteriological *savants* say, to the damp weather. There is no need to get fussed about it, because every chemist sells a liquid antidote (I forget the name) which you rub on, and it makes the mosquito feel sick unto death the moment he alights on your skin. But the Ping Peril did a great thing for a pal of mine last week. It won him twenty quid. We both know, and loathe, a certain golfer. He always beats both of us, and boasts about it afterwards. I'm sure you know the type. They should all be deported by law.

My pal and the Brute found themselves in the same seaside hotel. The Brute suggested a game of golf on the morrow "for a pony." My pal, who was £5 down to him over the last affray, had a sudden brain-wave. "Right," he said, "delighted. But we shall never get a decent time here to-morrow; the sheet is nearly full already. I'll drive you over to So-and-So: a topping course and no crowd, as it's inland. We shall have a jolly day."

He arose bright and early and anointed himself thoroughly with the "Mosquitoes' Mausoleum" or whatever it was: for he *knew*! They attacked the Brute remorselessly and in droves all morning: to the end that he sliced everything into the rough: swore most deplorably: could *not* understand why my pal was so smilingly immune; and was beaten 6 and 5. That is the stuff! At all chemists, in sealed bottles. Lor', how we laughed!

"That Holiday Feeling" at Deauville

Topical

A GROUP INCLUDING THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, LORD STANLEY, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, LADY BETTY BUTLER AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

Photographs

SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY LEITH

G.P.U.

LORD MICHELHAM, MRS. JOHN FELDEN AND MISS ROBINSON

Some of those who are basking in the sunshine of Deauville this year. This popular plage is as thronged as ever with Society on holiday

Produced July 22, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is one of those very modern comedies that suggest that their inspiration has been derived from Moscow. The first act is given over almost entirely to the delineation of the characters. We find the Simmons family waiting in their suburban home for the return of Ena, one of their daughters, who is supposed to be walking out with a young man of the name of Brown. Mr. Simmons, the father, is a quiet, amiable character, whose manhood is loudly questioned by the maid of all work because he does not get drunk on Saturday nights and then come home and bash his wife about. Mrs. Simmons is the typical suburban housewife whose work comes first and who wants to talk about it all the time.

THE chronic grievance of Mary, the other daughter, is that she is not allowed to go to the city to work like her sister Ena, and that she cannot get out of the "cage" often enough to meet a likely husband. One can only conclude that such an attractive girl as she is must be singularly wanting in the traditional arts and wiles of her sex if she cannot by hook or by crook lure an admirer to her home. Meanwhile, it is a little disconcerting to hear that Mary endeavours to satisfy her thwarted sex aspirations by the study of pornographic literature. The hour grows late and Ena does not return, so Mr. and Mrs. Simmons retire to rest, leaving Mary to sit up for her belated sister with a cigarette and the book of her choice.

IT is just after 1 a.m. when Ena returns home. Even in the suburbs of London it is generally recognised that one o'clock in the morning is a bit late to come back from courting. Mary, indeed, ventures to suggest that Ena's Mr. Brown must be a rather inconsiderate young man. Ena then frankly admits that her Mr. Brown is as delightfully impersonal as the justly celebrated Mrs. Harris. For the past three years she has been walking out (or walking in) with her employer. Details are not available, but the disastrous inference is unavoidably obvious. When Mary implies that Ena is not a good girl, Ena snatches up the improper book that Mary has been reading, and the pot begins to call the kettle black. In fact, the girls squabble so noisily over their unclean differences that Mrs. Simmons comes downstairs in farcical night attire to put a few leading questions.

AS soon as she learns the dismal truth she at once calls upstairs to Mr. Simmons to put on his trousers and come down at once. This is a little matter of taste that provokes a shriek of laughter from the ladies. Other times other manners. When father hears the dismal news of Ena's lapse from grace he does not seem at all shocked. In his view it is as well that the elderly should not restrain the natural aspirations of the younger generation, which is, of course, the gospel according to Ivanovitch. Under pressure from his wife, however, he concocts a letter to Ena's employer to say that his daughter must leave at a moment's notice; but as Ena positively declines to concur in this arrangement the situation remains as muddy as ever. Mrs. Simmons can bear the shock to her system no longer, so she totters off to bed with Mary, praying that Ena may find grace with the morning light.

LEFT alone with his erring daughter, Mr. Simmons strikes the English note at last. He confesses to his daughter that soon after she and her sister were born he harboured a misplaced attachment for the firm's typist whose charm he found it very difficult to resist. But the memory of his duty to his home and his children saved him from taking a foolish step, and he let the young lady go, and never heard of her again. (Perhaps it was as well.) Ena listens to the clearest outbreak of common sense that has so far been vouchsafed to us in this

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER *Stage Photo Co.*

Ena Simmons (Gwen ffrangcon-Davies) faces the platitudes of Miss Ostin (Pollie Emery) and Winnie (Kathleen Harrison). The majority of the characters in this play betray a broadness of mind that should please most modern audiences

play, and as she bids her father good-night she says she will break with her protector and try to lead a better life for the future. And later in the day her first act on rising is to send a telegram accordingly to say that she is retiring from whatever business she had with the gallant gentleman.

It appears that the wife of Ena's protector is in a lunatic asylum, and she is therefore and in consequence on the loose end which apparently neither Church nor State is able to deal with intelligently. On Sunday morning the Simmonses are getting ready for church. Mrs. Simmons is a strict Sabbatarian, and she will not allow the Sunday paper to be glanced at before morning service, chiefly because it would interfere with the development of the plot of the play. But after church-time the paper is greedily devoured, and the first item that catches the general eye is that a terrible fire has occurred at the asylum where Ena's gentleman's wife is interned, and many of the unhappy inmates have perished.

The natural inference is that the interned wife has gone under with the other victims, leaving Ena's employer free and unattached. Ena with a sweet and green confidence in human nature concludes that now of course her protector will want to marry her; but sometimes I think perhaps not. As it happens, she feels she cannot commit what seems to her to be sacrilege over her dead rival's remains, and she weeps a good deal and calls for Divine guidance. A little late in the day perhaps for that sort of thing, but one does what one can. Presently a telegram arrives from her jilted paramour to say, briefly, that his wife is safe. Thereupon Ena announces her intention of going back to him, as they love each other so, and her father gets up and opens the door for her, saying that it will be open just as wide when she wants to come back. In the old days, of course, the "stern parent" would have observed that she could nevermore be a daughter of his, or have requested her abruptly not to darken his doors again; but here it is apparently considered a very proper act in a father to encourage his daughter on her way along the broad road that leads to destruction.

Our amiable cranks who are always claiming that it is the function of the theatre to instruct rather than to amuse should find the lesson conveyed by this play particularly illuminating. The moral (if any) would appear to be addressed to the modern flapper as: "Get your man; honestly if you can, but Get Him!" Not, of course, that the modern flapper needs any encouragement in this direction; but up to the present I believe she has not been able to rely upon paternal support when she decides to take the wrong turning.

Mr. C. V. France gives a pleasant picture of the complacent father, and he can of course do no more than speak the lines provided for him. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, as the comic materfamilias, is the life of the piece, while an unusually able picture of a cockney servant-girl is presented by Miss Kathleen Harrison. The two girls, Mary and Ena, are played by Miss Gwendolen Evans and Miss Gwen ffrangcon-Davies respectively, with all the necessary excellence; while Miss Pollie Emery supplies a fund of the light humour in which she specialises so successfully. In spite, however, of the intermittent fun, I found the play rather depressing. JINGLE.

By Lance Mattinson

A HITCH IN THE PROCEEDINGS

Producer (*to super, and pointing to rope spanning abyss over which star has to climb*): "Just hop across that rope and make sure it's hitched up safe the other end!"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It is reported that they are to have mechanical greyhound racing at Margate. But that salubrious resort has long been noted for its electric air.

. . .

Getting the Wind Up

A damsel was strolling at Deal
In a costume she thought would appeal;
But although it was August,
The wind blew a raw gust,
Revealing her in déshabille!

. . .

A physician states that it is unwise to bathe after a heavy meal. Seaside landladies may be trusted to see that their boarders observe this advice.

. . .

A contemporary declares that many engagements will be announced during the shooting season. Moors and grouse *amours* would seem to be allied.

. . .

To Whom it May Concern.—A long course of persistent indulgence in murder will lead, through drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking, to actual rudeness and unpunctuality.

. . .

This week's *questionnaire*:-

(*a*) Why is water wet?

(*b*) What seamen are known as the Epsom Salts?

Relying upon the adage, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," a certain husband, whose wife has been flirting with her medico, has sent the latter a barrel of Ribston Pippins.

. . . . . .

A writer says that nowadays there is no leisure class in England. Obviously he has overlooked our telephone operators.

By Stan Terry

"CLOTHES" OF PLAY!

Plurals

We know what the plural of "house" is,
But we don't talk of "mouses," but "mice";
It's correct to refer to our "spouses,"
Yet the plural of "boughs" isn't "bice";
And more than one "louse" isn't "louses,"
And more than one "grouse" isn't "grice"!

. . .

A correspondent asks us to give an example of mixed metaphors. Will the following satisfy him? Looking backwards along the untrodden paths of the future, I see before me the hidden footsteps of an unseen hand.

. . .

"Will you have another ice, Tommy?"

"No, thank you; my programme's full."

. . .

It is said that a new musical comedy is to have a chorus of sixty. Is it necessary to advertise the ages of the poor girls even if they do look it?

. . . . . .

It is estimated that within a year flappers of twenty-one will be entitled to vote. That will certainly give an added pungency to the Eve of the election.

. . .

"What do you think of the new play at the ——?"

"It has got quite the best *entr'acte* I have ever seen."

. . .

A doctor announces that he has invented a certain cure for obesity. It is pleasant to know that he is living on the fat of the land.

. . .

She didn't use rouge or cosmetics,
She didn't use powder or gush,
Yet I saw by her face, playing poker,
She'd a straightforward flush!

. . .

"What sort of a chap is Jones?"

"Well, if he were cast upon an uninhabited island, he'd commence by picking the pockets of the naked savages!"

. . .

The latest news from New York is that the authorities are seriously thinking of enforcing Prohibition.

"The Transit of Venus!"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An effective ruse of a bashful lady to distract the attention of onlookers as she runs down to the waves

Dorothy Wilding

MAKING HER BOW-WOW!

A charming study of Miss Phyllis Titmuss and "friend." Miss Titmuss is appearing in one of the principal parts in "Love at Second Sight" which will open at the Royalty Theatre on August 22nd

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

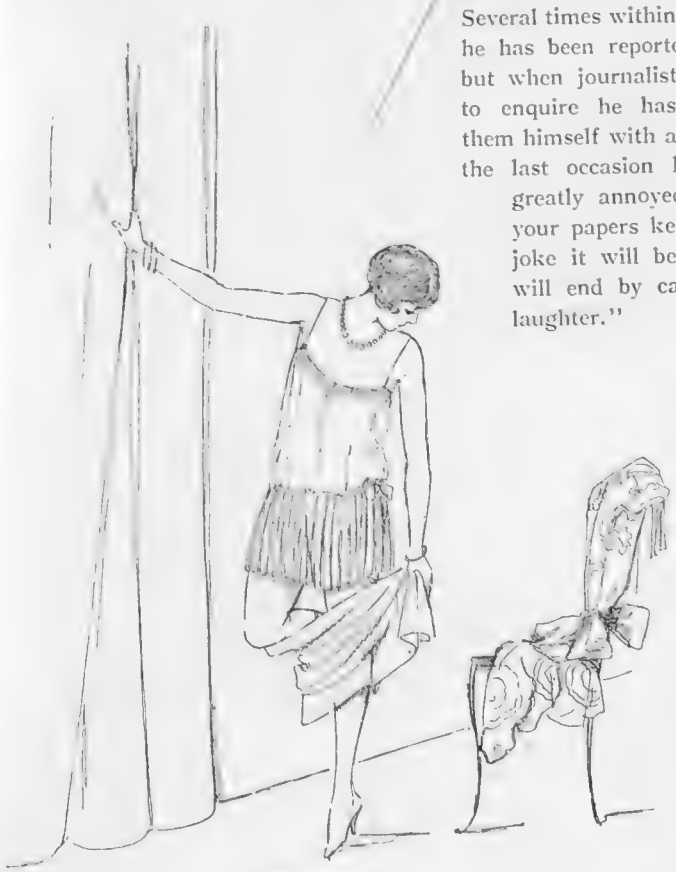
ALMOST sensational piece of news has just come to light. It is that M. Poincaré went to a night restaurant, one of the very late ones, those that open only around midnight and are frequented by the frivolous. You will probably say to yourselves that that does not sound very sensational information, but then you are possibly unaware of the degree of M. Poincaré's austerity. Would you not get a shock if you had been informed—inaccurately, *bien entendu*—that Sir William Joynson-Hicks had been seen dancing the Charleston at the Hambone Club, or that the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who used to try to stop all the prize-fights, had been observed applauding Joe Beckett's efforts to avoid a knock-out?

WELL, that is how the revelation about M. Poincaré affects us, knowing him as the most "serious" Frenchman of his generation. In the French Premier's native district babies seem to be born more "serious" than they are in Aberdeenshire or Fife, which is distinctive. It is scarcely too much to say that when M. Poincaré was five years old he already had the Presidency of the Republic earmarked, and when he was a schoolboy he was counselling his friends against an "idle" future.

YET the story about the night-restaurant visit seems to be authentic, for it is attributed to M. Barthou, an intimate friend, who says the gay ex-War Minister Maginot won a lot of *louis* by wagering he would induce M. Poincaré to accept the invitation. M. Poincaré so enjoyed the experience, adds M. Barthou, that he immediately issued a return invitation. *Eh bien*, Paris has experienced many surprises, but this one is looked upon as the most startling for years.

"Babies seem to be born more serious"

HAD it been the Great Young Man M. Clemenceau there would have been nothing like the same astonishment, as it is known that the "Tiger" is up to any sort of trick even now that he is well advanced in the eighties. Several times within the past few months he has been reported to be gravely ill, but when journalists have called round to enquire he has generally received them himself with a friendly growl. On the last occasion he pretended to be greatly annoyed, and grunted, "If your papers keep on repeating this joke it will become serious. You will end by causing me to die of laughter."



"And changed"

A NOVELTY has been introduced into the old Paris custom known as "interring a bridegroom's *vie de garçon*." A certain engineer, who had led a gay life as a bachelor, organised the traditional wedding-eve party for the funeral of his bachelorhood in a fashionable cabaret of Montmartre, and, in order that the ceremony should be of the liveliest, he had invited, besides his numerous men friends, their *petites amies* and several music-hall actresses. The strength of the gaiety could be estimated from the amount of smashed crockery.

ALL the guests soon got to know one another except for one *invitée*, who, though she was ostensibly enjoying herself in the *tapage* quite as thoroughly as everybody else, kept a black silk mask over her eyes. Nobody sought to pierce her desired *incognito*, as it was generally assumed that she was an affectionate *petite amie* of the host who had come for "the break," but had decided to wear a mask to conceal possible tears. So far from that being the case, it was learned subsequently she was the future bride. Though a traditionalist, this engineer was *bien moderne*, and had invited his *fiancée*. *Après cela*, the next innovation we may anticipate is that a bride will invite her *fiancé* to a party celebrating the interment of her *vie de garçonne*.

MASKS are very useful aids at *risqué* parties. If they do not protect the modesty of those who are supposed to possess it, they do at least protect their reputations, which may, or may not, be of even greater importance. This La Palissade, as the French call such platitudes, is provoked by the story of a *bal intime* which was held at one of the famous places where people take the "cure" in the centre of France. Visitors here, after bathing in the waters, are

wrapped up in a flannel robe that is like a monk's gown in order that they shall not take a chill after being overheated, and the organiser of the ball, which was held in a private villa, stipulated that the bath robe would not merely be *de rigueur*, but must be the *only* costume.

As it was obvious would be the case, it was soon found that the all-enveloping robe was too hot for dancing, and the host gave the signal that they could be removed, leaving the slippers. But the two or three *jeunes filles* who had masks on kept them on for protection. If *bals intimes* of this character become fashionable, the art students will begin to fear for the supremacy of the *Bal des Quat'z' Arts*, as there will be no longer any need for that dreaded running of the gauntlet of the heavy-handed doorkeepers.

"Kept her mask for protection"

The dancing passion has all sorts of unexpected consequences. Take the case of the pretty little woman who casually dropped into the famous Pavilion Henri IV at St. Germain for dinner along with three or four friends. They looked to have been motoring in the beautiful forests of the neighbourhood, and had come into the Henri IV because it happened to be the nearest good place for dinner. While they were dining the band attacked the programme, and a number of people began to dance. It was soon apparent to everybody that the *jolie petite dame* found the desire to dance irresistible, but she had dressed for motoring in a *costume tailleur* which was inappropriate.

She wrestled with the situation for a while. Then she remembered that she had sighted one of the customary *couturier's* showcases in the hall, which included among the frocks a *robe du soir*. That was the solution. She had the showcase opened, paid for the frock, took a room for changing, and within five minutes she was delighting the admiring assembly with a Charleston *endiablé*. *Ce que femme veut. . . .*

"M. Poincaré went to a night restaurant"

There is a chance for strolling artists to get a holiday in Paris for nearly nothing, thanks to a discovery made by "Rube" Goldberg, the well-known American cartoonist. Goldberg got a ride in a taxicab for three hours at night-time, that is double-tariff time, without the payment of any cash. It began like this. As the artist left a Montmartre cabaret one of the prowling photographers wanted to "snap" him. "I don't want to be photographed," said Goldberg, "but I'll draw your picture for two francs." He did a caricature; the photographer paid his two francs and went off delighted.

Then a waiting taxicab chauffeur who had witnessed the operation called out, "Draw me, and I'll take you anywhere; it won't cost you a sou." Goldberg sketched him, then he and his friends got in the taxi and visited haunts of Paris for three hours, not forgetting to include the chauffeur in the drinks. But when Goldberg tried to read the meter at the end he found the flag had been turned down, and the chauffeur refused to accept any payment beyond the cartoon. An enterprising artist could obviously develop this system to his advantage during a holiday stay, all Frenchmen adoring a caricature of themselves. René.

SUNWARDS

I like to call on Mr. Cook
(I speak of Thomas, not A. J.)
With money in my pocket-book
Wherewith to buy a holiday.

"I want no couriers," I begin,
"Their place is with the rich and proud;
Nor am I interested in
Conducted tours: I hate a crowd.

"Give me a ticket—there and back,
And then if my finances fail
(I find they *have* that nasty knack)
I still can strike the homeward trail.

"Find me a staid cross-Channel boat
Surrounded by well-mannered brine;
I want but little while afloat,
But like to keep that little mine.

"Reserve a bit of train for me
From Calais onward; and, I beg,
Provide me with a *vis-à-vis*
Friendly and not too long of leg.

"*Where to?* Oh, any old resort,
So long as Sol is shining there!
I want the loan of him, in short,
For just three weeks, and anywhere."

C. R. Green.

BY LEO CHENEY

AN "OAR"-SOME THOUGHT!

"Horace dear, I shall insist on sharing all your troubles when we are married."

"I'm so glad, darling. In which case perhaps I might begin now by telling you that both oars slipped overboard ten minutes ago, and we're only fifty yards from the weir!"

"THE RETURN OF

Francis T. Mills

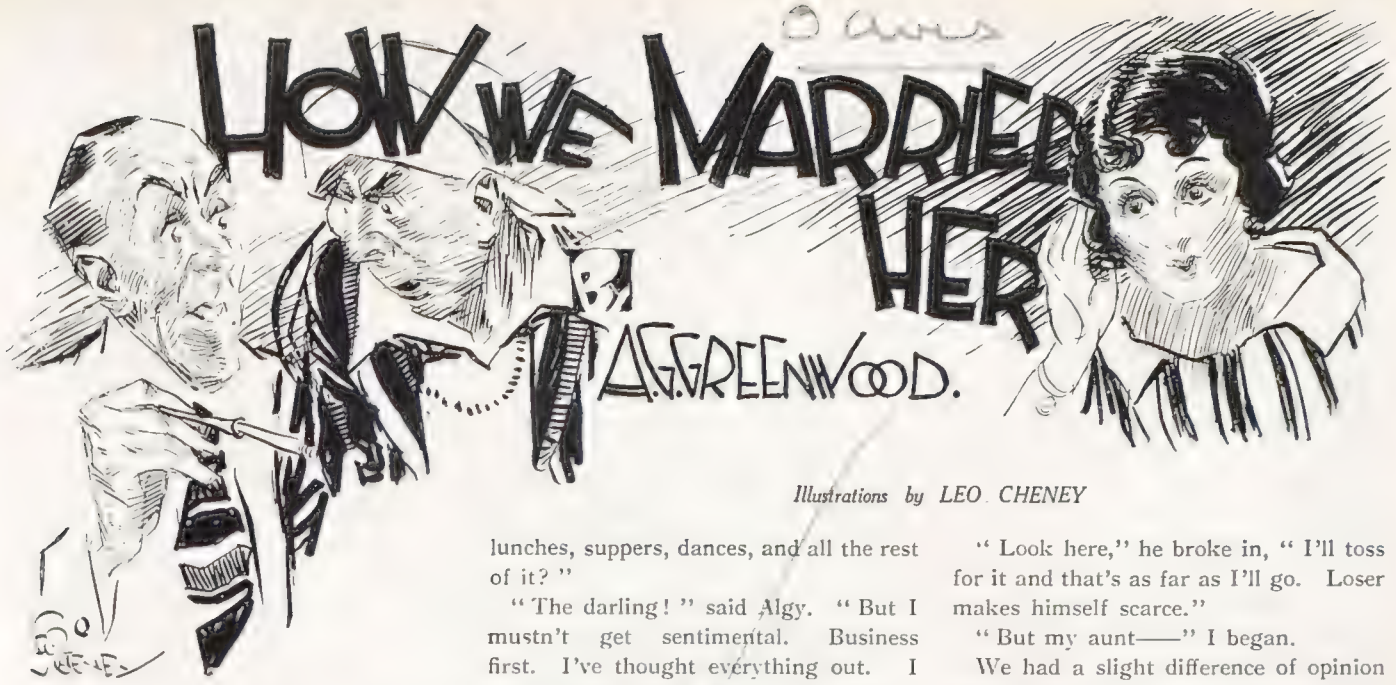
BY WEBSTER MURRAY

OF THE NATIVE"

W. A. Rouch

No. 5.—LT.-COL. GILES LODER'S CRESTA RUN (by Hurry On—Bridgemount). Trainer, MR. P. P. GILPIN, Clarehaven House, Newmarket

The filly qualifies for this series as the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, but subsequently her career was disappointing and she is now going to the stud. At her best this wayward filly was undoubtedly one of the smartest performers of her age



Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

"Look here," said Eva, suddenly coming to a standstill, "I've had just a little more than enough of you two squabbling. Stay here and fight it out. See that cave right over there? Well, I'll wait in it. When you've done, *one* of you will find me there."

"One?" repeated the fatuous Algy, who can't see another fellow's tumbler before he's emptied it.

"One," said Eva, firmly. "It's too heavenly a day to have spoilt by rows all the time. Either one or none—just as you please."

She walked on. All three of us were at Boughton Bay. Eva's a resident, Algy and I visitors. We were on a path half-way up the smooth, sheer cliffs of a tiny semicircular bay. There was a ledge behind us. Algy and I sat down.

"Now," I said when Eva had walked round the bay and disappeared into the cave, "let's get down to it. You've made a thundering nuisance of yourself for the last hour or more. D'you realise that if it hadn't been for *my* aunt we'd never have been introduced to Eva at all?"

"My dear old boy," retorted Algy. "Equality of opportunity is the accepted creed these days. We are all socialists where a rich girl is concerned."

"But *my* aunt introduced us," I argued.

"The accident of birth is at a discount, dear lad," said Algy. "Besides, my necessity is greater than yours. Give me a gasper."

"Your necessity! I like that."

"I don't," said Algy, puffing. "I'm frightfully hard up. I'm overdrawn to the *n*th."

"Who wouldn't be after carting Fay Lefevere about for weeks to lunches, suppers, dances, and all the rest of it?"

"The darling!" said Algy. "But I mustn't get sentimental. Business first. I've thought everything out. I can't make money in any other way—except marriage."

"You married!" I ejaculated. "Why you've never liked any girl for two consecutive months!"

"A wife isn't *any* girl," said he. "Nor is Eva. A man doesn't meet a girl worth £2,000 a year every day. She's unique."

"You said Fay was," I reminded him.

"So she is and always will be," he said. "Fay's the loveliest thing that ever happened. But she hasn't a cent. Nor've I. And we're sensible. Good-bye is inevitable."

"All the same," I observed. "*My* aunt introduced us to Eva and I claim first whack. You go back to the hotel and——"

"Fay's the loveliest thing that ever happened"

"Look here," he broke in, "I'll toss for it and that's as far as I'll go. Loser makes himself scarce."

"But my aunt——" I began.

We had a slight difference of opinion about my aunt's predestination, till Algy exclaimed:

"Hang it, she'll think we've turned into limpets, man! Will you toss or what?"

"You married!" I ejaculated again. "You of all people! You'd be carting Fay round to dances within a month!"

"That wouldn't be any business of yours," said Algy. "Besides, you'd make a rotten husband yourself. If Eva hadn't been rich you'd never have looked at her twice."

"Very likely. No use in it. If I hadn't so many debts I'd be a pauper. If it hadn't been that we both knew Eva was rich, we'd neither be here. And who told us she was rich? *My* aunt!"

"Wipe her out," said he. "Your aunt doesn't come into it. Eva likes me. Anybody can see that. Who dances with her most?"

"Who swims with her most?" I countered.

"Without you hanging about," declared Algy, "I believe I'd have pulled it off already. And we've no time to waste. You saw that chap with her last night?"

"Bellamey," I said. "He farms somewhere round here. My aunt told me about him."

"He's keen," said Algy.

"Has been years," I said. "Jack Bellamey's one of those silly asses who consider a man's muzzled when he's poor and the girl's rich."

"Who told you that?"

"Aunt," said I. "He made her swear not to tell Eva and then confided in her. He's saving money. They were pals once, but Eva's offended with him because he never plays tennis or dances

and so on, now. He's always at his bally farming."

"I see. I wondered. Doesn't that just show we've no time to lose?" exclaimed Algy. "Yet here we sit, while every moment's precious, doing nothing whatever!"

"I'm trying to make you see sense," I said. "To me it's obvious that as my aunt——"

Algy became violent and incoherent.

"If you think I mean to be browbeaten into standing aside," I said, "just because you——"

"Toss then, for the love o' Mike!" said Algy. "Don't you see, man, that we simply must buck up?"

"You talk as though we were both going to marry her," I objected.

"So we could," said he. "More or less, I mean. If I married her I'd have you down here to stay, shoot, fish, and so on. Of course I would. And I'd marry you off to some rich pal of hers."

"Thanks. Awfully jolly of you."

"You being a dog-in-the-manger," argued Algy, "simply means handing her over to Bellamey. Of course if that's your idea——"

"It is not."

"Nor mine. I'd rather see her married to you, old chap, than anybody—except myself."

"I reciprocate," I said.

"Well, there we are. Come on and toss. Hello, what's this?"

"A charabanc full of trippers," I said.

"Then let's get on," cried Algy. "I'll tell you what. We'll get her to toss. Anyhow, let's get away before all these people fetch up."

The charabanc came labouring up the cliff towards the beginning of the cliff path.

"We'll get her to toss for who goes a walk with her," proposed Algy. "Between ourselves we'll decide it's for first innings. The winner gets first whack. Say three days without the other butting in. Are you on?"

"All right," I said. "But don't forget it was my aunt who——"

"I'll remember her," said Algy, "and I'll thank her—at my wedding."

We rounded the little semicircular bay. We reached the cave. It was in reality a tunnel. It was empty. Beyond we could see a broad path along the cliff-face. That, too, was empty.

"This is queer," said Algy uneasily.

As he spoke we heard a strange, husky, eerie, uncanny voice.

"This 'ere," announced the voice, "is the famous Whispering Chine. Any word spoken 'ere where I'm standin' is 'eard in Smugglers' Cave by the Point there."

We both glanced back.

The conductor-guide of the charabanc stood on the cliff-path where we'd been sitting.

Eva was a resident. She knew all about that Whispering Chine. Girls have no sense of honour.

And though we really married her to Bellamey, neither Algy nor I would have dreamt of going to her wedding—even if we had been asked. A. G. G.

Horace W. Nicholls

"Miss Dipper has much pleasure in accepting King Neptune's kind invitation to drop in"

"Danse Orientale"

Topical

Tamara, who, with her partner Fowler, is well known in the dancing world, photographed in a striking pose. They are one of the chief attractions at the Summer Revue at that Parisian landmark, the Folies Bergère

"Le Golf" at Le Touquet

Sport and General

MISS RYAN, THE FAMOUS LAWN TENNIS PLAYER, DRIVING OFF

Topical

MR. CHARLES PALMER, THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT AND MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL ON THE COURSE

Sport and General

LADY HONOR BRIDGEMAN AND SIR MATHEW WILSON

Topical

MISS MARY LEIGH AND MISS JOY MIDDLETON

Sport and General

BARON AND BARONESS DE ROTHSCHILD AND THEIR DAUGHTER

Golf has once again come into its own at Le Touquet and the famous links are crowded with enthusiastic players. Above are seen some of those who were cornered by the photographer on the course

The Advance Guard at North Berwick

Central News

MISS ROSEMARY HOPE VERE

Topical

LORD TWEEDDALE AND COMMANDER CRIEFF

J. C. H. Balmain

MISS MAUD HUNNEWELL

G. W. Day

LORD HAMPDEN (left), LORD LURGAN, THE HON. ELIZABETH BRAND AND LADY HAMPDEN

Topical Press

THE MISSES EVELYN AND IRENE COATES

August at North Berwick means that golf is all important, and that the links are the centre of interest. We reproduce some photographs of early visitors to the famous course

"The broncho-busters are very fierce and desperado"

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

IT are with enormous *éclat* (French) that I return to pursue the extractions from my diary after my financial digressings of lastly week. Re concerning same, I beg to officially inform that the saidly Gum Mining Syndicate are now more as 1,000s of £'s super-subscribed and any further cheques, P.O.'s, stamps and suchly cashes can be entirely non-entertained. I shall now decant you some very exclusive revelations per as regards the so famous corned-beef farms of Hail Columbia and other *flora* and *fauna* of this so interesting country.

Feb. 29-st. Under the so beneficent guidance of Hon. reportings person I was transposed to Texerado, 1 of the most noted counties for its corned beefs. Saidly beefs (before corning) ramble in huge flocks and shoals upon the p r a r i e s (greenswards) seeking for whom they shall devour and very often succeeding. The broncho-busters (*Anglicè* beef-attending persons) are very fierce and desperado and love nothing more better as to shoot each others for good sportings, being covered with guns, daggers, spurs and suchly 150% he-weapons for that purpose. Saidly broncho-busters enjoy to be frightfully loved by the femns, who regard them to be more terrible as heroes, more brave as Hectors and more beautiful as famous film stars.

When wishing to secure the beefs for corning, these busters embark themselves on their mustangs (Texeradian for equine quadrupetals) and perform a *rodeo,* which consists to throw ropes and other suitable impediments at the beefs which, when hooked, they haul in. The beefs are then pushed into the corning machines to exit in tins (and is then called armoured beef) at per 10d. or 1/- a lb., also as glue, boots, ox-tails soup and other lucrative assets. The bulls' eyes are likewisely used for shooting with guns at and return suitable prizes when hit. When not otherwisely employed, the broncho-busters play poker, snap and other card amusements which frequently prove to be very fatal because nearly always 1 or more of the busters suffer to be shot for succeeding to possess 5 aces, a state of conditions which are regarded to be very non-legal and sportless.

These beef-attending persons perform exceedingly athletic feats on their mustangs, which they cause to perform innumerous prankings and other gymnastical trick, very amusing to witness if sufficiently distant away. Saidly busters, when performing evolutions on their equines, love greatly to bang their guns in the air, causing their quadrupetals to leap for joy so that more often as not the trepidless busters are ejected into the air, perform an epicycle in same and descend with a strenuous bang to the head on *terra firma* or other suitable deposit, causing them to observe stars and suchly velocity planets.

In mediæval times, I are inform, this country was considerably inhabited by Red Indian Skins (called Wig-Wams) who were very cannibalish and loved nothing more better than to secure the scalps of Hon. broncho-busters and devour same with exceedingly savage gustoes. This caused the broncho-busters to grow very angry and to fight a severeish combat with the Wig-Wams which they succeeded to entirely defeat at Gettysville. Now these Red Indian Skins are placed in preservations and non-permitted to devour any more scalps, but to only live on vegetables and suchly non-savage fruits. The most celebrate of all the broncho-busters was Hon. Sir Buffaloes Bill and

"Perform exceedingly athletic feats on their mustangs"

Exchange is No Robbery!

BY STARR WOOD

CHIEF BANDIT: "Write to your friends saying we've kidnapped you and they must send a ransom"

VICTIM: "But I have no friends who would pay"

CHIEF BANDIT: "All right. Then you write to *our* friends and tell 'em you've kidnapped us. We've got to get money somehow!"

Sir Barnums and Bailey, who fought some very deathly battles with the Skins, causing them to almost become as defunct as Dodoes, which they now are.

While depicting these aspects, I must not miss to inform re the corned-salmon farms, which are nearly as lucrative as the b e e f s. The salmons, which browse in the rivers and other liquid deposits of Hail Columbia, are caught by very skilful machines which corn them on the spot at per 1/1½ to 1/10½ a tin. The marine b r o n c h o - busters (or salmon-corning persons) do not ride mustangs or perform *rodeos* and are regarded to be rather no-class persons because of non-wearing spurs and not loving to shoot each others at sight. But they grow to be very hardy and aquatic, which the beef-corning bronchoes do not.

"They grow to be very hardy and aquatic"

There are innumerous other corned diets in Hail Columbia (which are the most corned country in the globe) like as apricots, peaches, pears and suchly luscious vegetables, but they do not use broncho-busters, but only arboreal persons who are very tame and romanticless and do not play poker or snap, but only rustic hobbies like as tennis, croquet and other bloodless enjoyments.

The only person who has ever succeeded to invent corned automobile-cars, are Hon. Sir Henry Ford. An H. Ford *rodeo* are a very interesting spectacular to witness. The Ford broncho-busters round-up all the irons and tins in the localities and push same into a corning machine which immediately emerges them as Ford mustangs, complete with insurance policies and old age pensions and other luxurious perks. The Ford broncho-busters are very romanticless to look at and do not ride equine mustangs, but only Ford 1's which, howeverly, can perform very amusing evolutions and are a 100% more fiery and savage as beef - corning mustangs. These bronchoes are paid very splendid emoluments because of their so dangerous pursuits, and do not necessitate to wear guns, daggers and spurs to shoot each others with. When the Ford automobile-cars dissolve to pieces, they are again pushed into the corning machine and emerge 1-ce more looking more better as new. Like as Hon. military persons, old Fords cannot die, but only disappear.

I must not close this extraction without a few words re concerning the Hail Columbia police bobs who are the 9-th or 10-st wonders of the globe. They have succeeded to become the uppest of the Upper 10's and rule the Hail Columbians with rods of iron and are more powerful as Lenins or other Trotskys. This causes them to be very savage and fierce, so that the Hail Columbians live in terror of their lives for them and necessitate to be extremely meek and polite when address by 1 of these fiery police bobs, who are by not any means gentle and kind like as the London bobs.

Yogo Hama

Bristol P. E. Co., Ltd.

AT THE SALUTING BASE

Lord Radnor (centre) taking the salute at the recent presentation of Colours to the 4th Batt. the Wiltshire Regiment. Lieut-Col. the Hon. G. S. Herbert, Officer Commanding, is seen with drawn sword

That Feeling—

BY ALFRED LEETE

—When you have given half-a-crown to a beggar

DO WE RUN THE SHOW?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

Scandinavia—that home for pessimism

LONDON, *August* 15.

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT wonderful ideas men do have about women, or, 'tanyrate, some men about some women. As *e.g.* and *par exemple*—well, was at that funny little Hampstead theatre the other night that they call the Everyman. Which is all on the doll's house scale, you know, and everything so near everything else that the actors don't even dare to have a hearty laugh, not to mention cough or sneeze in their dressing-rooms for fear it should be heard on the stage But they do get some plays there all the same, and not always too terribly high-brow either, as, for instance, works of Noel Coward and other fashionable persons, but that's by the way.

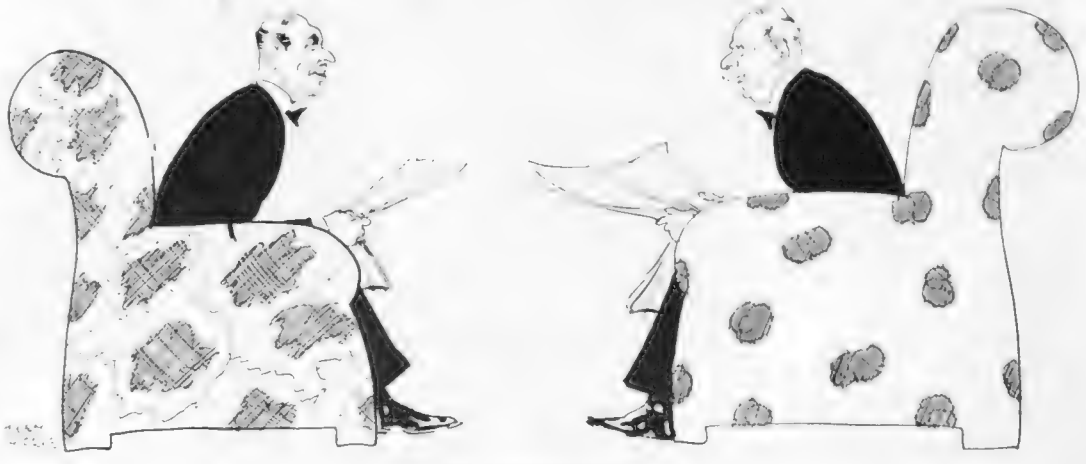
POINT being the play at aforesaid theatre, which was by one August Strindberg, of Scandinavia, where the pessimists come from, and called *The Father*, and all about a quite charming man (couldn't help it, being Col. Robert Loraine) who is simply dominated and domineered over by his wife. And also, incidentally, by other women in the household, which he rather sweetly and charmingly calls a cageful of tigers. And apparently isn't allowed to do a single thing he wants to, but's crossed and thwarted in every sort of way, and finally goes mad and dies seemingly just because his wife tells him to, or words to that effect. All of which sounds simply fearfully terrible and thrilling and alarming, but dost thou really believe any man would really let himself be run like that, especially rather a nice intelligent one with a mind of his own? Am positively certain sure and only too painfully confident he wouldn't, so there.

FACT is, you know, between you and me, dear Cousin, these men 've got rather into a way of exaggerating our power, though I says it as shouldn't, and don't for Heaven's sake tell any of 'em I said so. And especially Mr. Strindberg, who quite obviously had an anti-woman complex, and being rather terrified of women made 'em out to be all kinds of super-personalities, which, of course, we know they aren't. As, for instance, this Laura, wife of Adolph, who's his villainess of the piece—women don't, after all, quite so frankly and openly and directly do the civilised murderess stunt, even if they do have it in their hearts.

DON'T even believe, though, I don't, that women and their nagging would have made Adolph into the nervous wreck he got to, however hard they tried. Just think, come to think of it, how easy it is for men to get away—not to mention the sort of inherited adventurous spirit that seems to be always urging them to. Women are, after all, tied down quite a lot, aren't they, even if they can earn a bit of money at a pinch—they so easily get lonely and love their own places and things. Whereas men can always just pack a small suitcase and go out and find a new place in the world—much more self-contained and detachable they are, *n'est-ce pas?*

REALLY a proper delusion of Mr. Strindberg's this was, wasn't it?—the idea of Women being able to hold in and subdue, not to say crush to a jelly, a quite personable man of only about fifty with lots of ideas and energies. . . . Why, of course, he'd have pushed off quietly, once he'd made up his mind, to some pleasant spot a few thousand miles away, taking his daughter with him that there was all the fuss about, and started tea-planting in Ceylon or fruit-ranching in California, or even for that matter running a night-club in London. Which would have been far more profitable and just as easy if only you bring in the right people to start with and cut out all the wrong ones ruthlessly whenever their names come up for election . . . which is really the *crux*, am told, of how to run such-like shows.

I SUPPOSE women do have lots of power in a quiet way really, but *not* the kind of way Mr. Strindberg talked about at all. The way women win, when they do (said she carefully and cautiously, having studied the subject), is just by looking after things, material and spiritual, so to speak, and seeing they're just right. Men, after all, rather sprawl over the world, as you might say—they splash about and get rather tired by the end of the day—but *we* fix all the all-important details for them, and metaphorically bath and brush them and lead them forth, after the struggle's over, into the realms of care-free and intangible delight. . . .



Are colonels crusty?"

(*Continued on page* 320)

HUSBANDS

Gilt-Edged and Otherwise

THE DANCING HUSBAND

Mrs. Plutocratic Miggs has never left off smirking,
Bulging with enormous pearls, she watches Alfred working,
Once men catch the Dancing Craze 'tis virulent as rabies—
Bless his heart—its keeps him young to prance with Sugar Babies!

Alfred spurns his snow-white Past of virtuous endeavour;
In a whirl of gay balloons who would not flirt for ever?
Yet he shuffles back at last from music, youth and colour—
Mrs. Miggs, the wise Old Girl, sits smiling—with ABDULLA.

—F. R. HOLMES

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
TURKISH · EGYPTIAN
&
VIRGINIA (BOTH "IMPERIAL" & "AMERICAN")

SAID she poetically, and not meaning quite every word of it, of course. But what I do mean to say is, this idea of women *ruling* men does seem to me so silly and also rather stuffy in a way. After all, we both rule in our own particular manner, and if a woman intrigues too heavily a man's only got to push her face in, *comme on dit,* and that's that. And I only wish they all would when it comes to the point, but some of them *are* so terribly chivalrous and all that sort of thing, poor sweet dears, which is *such* a mistake. If they only knew how we *love* being (metaphorically, of course) smacked, when we feel we've deserved it, not to say played up for it, what? And oh, the sickening disappointment that mingles with our tender gratitude when the blow fails to fall. . .

"Positive crush of Channel swimmers"

BUT talking about shows and things, rather nice, really, wandering around the theatres this season of the year, methinks, when they're not too terribly crowded and packed. Tho' quite a serried mass of people the other night, I give you my word, 'spite of so-called holiday season, at that rather joyous and pleasing spectacle *Blue Skies* at the Vaudeville, wherewith I do think Mr. Archie de Bear has truly found a winner after his last rather sad couple of not-so-good efforts. *Pour moi,* I surrendered *quite* early in the evening, when the Nesbitt Bros., Harry and Max, came on with their black faces, etc., and danced Black Bottoms and things complete with bunches of bananas as a sort of all-round sporran and Max (or was it Harry?) made those extraordinarily vulgar but adorable noises with his mouth. And when they also explosively sang about how:—

My baby may be here—
My baby may be there—
She's still my baby—

I don't believe there was a furrowed face, countenance or dial, in the house.

MUST say I think they're quite the funniest and most *vital* things that've happened on our stage in years, these aforementioned bros. And also rather delightful to meet once more, right out of the serpent's mouth, so to speak, those lyrical lines we've already danced to so often, as sung by Mr. Jack Smith, the alleged whispering baritone, who really hums quite loud about—

Blue skies
Smiling at me—
Nothing but blue skies
Do I see.

And other nice simple variations on the same theme that are so foolishly fascinating you positively *have* to join in and start humming when he asks you to. . . .

Apropos de la danse, by the way—they say there are some new ones coming along, including one called the Yale, which is alleged to combine all the best points of all the other ones we've had yet. But these new dances—well, we've heard of those before, haven't we? and our motto is now, as ever, *n'est-ce pas?* the famous Lib. slogan, w. and s. (no, not the almost equally well-known drink or potion, I don't mean). Anyway, nothing of the sort visible at the Cecil the other night when I floated around there for half an hour or so to the soft, seductive music of their new band, nor at other suchlike resorts, not so far. Which, somehow, aren't so fearfully empty as you might think, you know, spite of the rush Northwards to bonnie Scotland.

"These new dances"

NOT to mention positive crush of Channel swimmers, the dear souls, who, after all, at least remind us that Romance is not quite dead yet—which likewise reminds me that romantic enterprise of smuggling also seems to flourish still, round about Kent, anyway. And also helps to keep nice and bright the so-called Silly Season that's set in so heavily lately with attendant exciting and so enthralling problems about "Are colonels crusty?" and so on and so forth.

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE.

Where there's a WILLS there's a way!

Said Mr. Gold to Mr. Flake—

"Why are you altering that notice, Mr. Flake?"

"Why do you think, Mr. Gold? To show that we've got Wills of our own and mean to enjoy them!"

ISSUED TO DRAW
ATTENTION TO THE MERITS OF
WILLS'
"GOLD FLAKE" CIGARETTES

B.G.60

Out-of-Door Doings in the World

"FOUR RUNS" *Sport and General*

Jack Hobbs photographed getting in a powerful off drive in the first innings of the Test Trial at Lord's. Hobbs scored 38 and then retired with a torn muscle after running a short single

I.N.A.

A RECORD AT ALDERSHOT

Mr. Chase of the Royal Engineers photographed in the high jump at Army Team Unit Championships, held recently at Aldershot. He and Mr. White of the "Sappers" made a total jump of 10ft. 10¼in. as against a previous record of 10ft. 9in.

Photopress

GOING INTO ACTION

A striking photograph of the start of one of the races which took place during the Beccles Town Regatta. Sailing on our rivers has grown greatly in popularity since the war, and regattas are now more numerous than ever in this country

Sport and General

A RECORD BREAKER

Joe Wright, of Toronto, who set up a new sculling record at the National Amateur Rowing Association's Meeting at Detroit

# of Sport Seen by the Camera

A NAVAL WIN *Sport and General*

The combined teams of the Navy, Army and Air Force photographed at the Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championship held at Wimbledon. The Navy totalled 10, the Army 5, and the R.A.F. 3

Sport and General

THE SCHOOLBOY CHAMPION

E. R. Avory (Stowe) who beat J. S. Olliff (St. Paul's) in the final of the Singles at the Schoolboys' Lawn Tennis Tournament at Queen's Club. He won 6—4 6—2

GOING ALL OUT *Quick Pictures*

A striking photograph of the race for the Vauxhall Selling Plate at Kempton Park. Good News, seen in the centre of the leading trio, showed that there is something in a name by winning. Shipshape (No. 5) came in second

FULL SPEED AHEAD *Topical*

Mr. R. Snoddy racing "Little Spitfire" in the International Motor Boat Races at Southampton for the Duke of York's Gold Trophy, which he won. The boat is owned by Mrs. J. Rand, and the Trophy therefore goes to the U.S.A., the home—a temporary one, we hope—of so many challenge cups

THE FIRST OF THE YEAR *G.P.U.*

Mr. Edward Temme, the first of this year's aspirants to swim the Channel. He proved successful at his first attempt

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

THE detective story has now reached a stage of such technical excellence that I can hardly see how it is going to advance very much further. The ingenuity shown in contriving a mystery is almost uncanny, and as for the sleuths themselves, it is difficult to see how a new type is to be evolved. And yet, really, it is not necessary to have a mystery at all in a story of crime. In the criminal cases of which you read in the newspapers there is often a mysterious element, but it is not always that feature of the case which does most to attract the public's attention. And although a little manipulation is essential, if any such case is to be made the basis of a story, it does not follow that mystery itself is essential for that story to be thrilling.

Indeed, there can be something more thrilling in a novel than a merely baffling problem, and that is a growing sense of horror which is forced on the reader. And here one novelist stands out from the rest. Very rarely is there any real mystery in Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's stories, very rarely are you asked to guess this or that, and yet her books are no less exciting on that account. In *Thou Shalt Not Kill* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), for instance, there is no mystery and no actual murder, and yet all the while you are expecting murder, and read on feverishly to find out how it is going to be avoided.

You might think that so monstrous a fellow as Sir Ambrose Gilks, who spends most of his time attempting to murder his ward, would be a mere caricature of a man—a stage villain, in fact, like the Sir Jaspers of old. As a matter of fact, he is so real that he frightens you, as he frightens the Canadian surgeon in the story. You never know what infernal business he will be engineering next. And in spite of all the accumulation of horrors, you do not feel that there has been exaggeration. You accept this man Gilks for what he is, and sigh with relief when his last foul schemes come to nothing. It is a subtly alluring story in Mrs. Lowndes's best manner.

*

AND talking of such things reminds me that I have just read two excellent "thrillers." Mr. Edgar Wallace by this time must be tired of being told that he is writing nowadays to a formula, but—what if he is? It is the best formula that could have been devised for his *rôle* as our thriller-in-chief. Most story-tellers allow you to know soon enough who is the strong, silent hero, who the bloodthirsty villain, and so on. Mr. Wallace, on the other hand, delights to lead you astray on this point all the time, and does so with an ingenuity that is positively devilish.

*

IN *The Squeaker* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), for instance, you know that the police are receiving information about jewel thefts from the man who is buying the proceeds from the thieves, but you do not know *who* he is. He might be almost anybody who is working in Mr. Sutton's busy office—the rather gruff Capt. Leslie with a bad "record," the visitor Friedman, or the mysterious Tillman. It might even be the angelic Mr. Collie or—but what is the use of my saying more? There are times when Mr. Wallace falls short of his own standard, but this is not one of them. *The Squeaker* baffles you pleasantly from beginning to end, and that is the highest praise.

*

THEN there is *The Billiard Room Mystery* (Hamilton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Brian Flynn. Mr. Flynn, I fancy, must be making his first experiment in mystery-mongering, but he shows no signs of being new to the game. At a country house cricket party one of the team is found murdered. Who was the murderer? Following my invariable rule, I picked on the unlikeliest fellow, and was wrong. I picked on the likeliest person and was wrong. I drew lots and was wrong. And finally, having exhausted, as I thought, every possibility, I was agreeably astounded at the crash of surprise which Mr. Flynn had in store for me in his penultimate chapter. A very good yarn, I thought, off the usual lines, and most ingeniously contrived.

*

I CONFESS that in the past I have been shamefully ignorant of Thoreau's *Walden; or, Life in the Woods* (Chapman and Hall: 25*s.* net), but a new edition with very delightful woodcuts by E. Fitch Daglish (about whose work collectors are becoming very keen) has introduced me to a book of singular attractions. There is much about Thoreau which is surprisingly provocative, but much of very great beauty. *Walden* is a long book, and I do not ask you to read it from end to end, but here it is in a most gracious dress, to be dipped in at moments when you are in a thoughtful mood. The book is called *Life in the Woods*, but there is (as you probably know, being much better read than I am) much more in it than mere descriptions of woodland life; there is a whole philosophy which you may accept or not as you please. R. S.

Work Among the Blind.

IN the *Annual Report of the Executive Council of the National Institute for the Blind* for the year ended on March 31, 1927, which has just been issued, there is a very complete record of the magnificent work which this Institute has been doing among the unfortunate people who have lost their sight. Until one reads this report, the wide range of work done by the Institution is not fully realised. To use the words of the Executive Council in their introductory remarks, it shows how the blind can be helped "by that kindly wisdom which sees in a blind man not an abnormal object to be pitied, but one of ourselves, handicapped but normal . . . someone to mingle with us in the world's throng." The Institute thus helps the sightless to be happy and useful members of the community. Naturally, all this work needs a large yearly income. We recommend all would-be supporters of this most deserving cause to read the report, which is obtainable from the headquarters of the Institute at 224-6-8, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

M. Madden

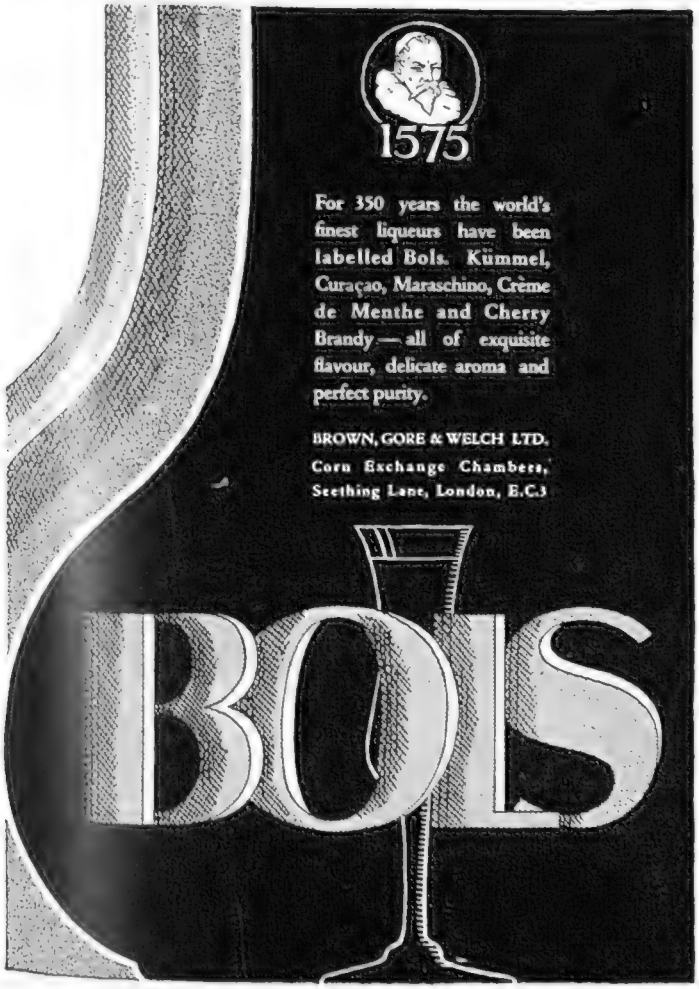
GOLF IN SWITZERLAND

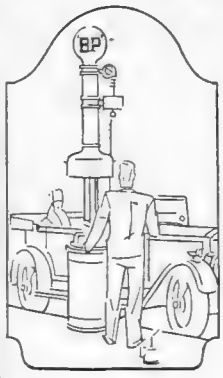
Lord Cecil Manners watching the match between Haley (U.S.A.) and Len Nettlefold (Tasmania) during the Swiss Golf Championships on the Samaden course at St. Moritz. The American proved to be the winner

BY APPOINTMENT

"Golden Opinions from all sorts of People." *Macbeth.*

Cerebos SALT





First off the mark

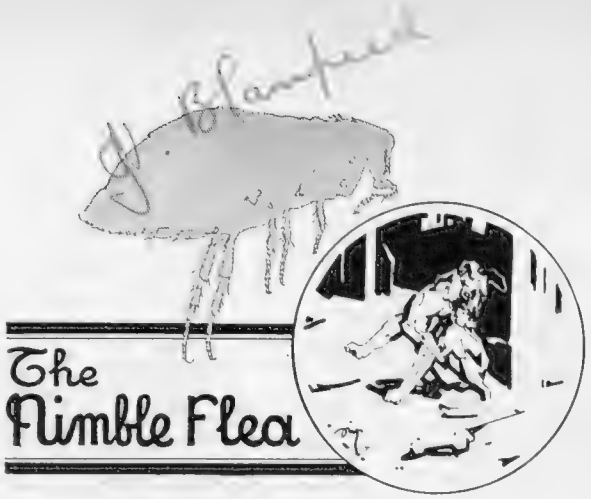
Rapid acceleration which results from "BP" means more than first off the mark. It signifies a petrol of purity. That means less carbon. And that again spells economy. It also means easy starting, the extra power and mileage and all the attributes you expect in a petrol refined in Britain by British labour. Use "BP" for the best all-round results.

Go to the GREEN "BP" PUMP *for your Petrol*

"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.



WIRY DACHSHUNDS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

FLEAS! Naturally enough, the ill-omened word rhymes with tease, but, believe me, there are circumstances in which, for Dogs, it connotes nothing short of torture: sheer misery; to say nothing of a pretty bad nuisance for Dog-keepers, and, in tropic climes, a real danger.

By one of the coincidences in which the Kennelman's postbag is rich, the week brings letters on this insectivorous subject from lady Dog-keepers in two remote spots both very near the Equator; one in Demerara, the other in beautiful Ceylon, the home of many very doggy folk. One correspondent mentions having tried frequent washings "with strong carbolic soap," and the other that "frequent washings with strong soap do more harm than good, by damaging coats and setting up skin irritation as bad as that caused by the pests themselves. I find the only real remedy is scrupulous all-round cleanliness and the rigid exclusion of all local canine society from my Dogs. It's a pity, and must seem snobbish to the Dogs, but it's the only way." Will both correspondents kindly note the other's experience. The Kennelman's own, in hot countries, has certainly favoured "the rigid exclusion of all local canine society," with only occasional washing, and then never with soap, but with Sopex, shampoo powder. Like the Demerara correspondent, he has found the occasional rubbing in of medicinal paraffin very useful. It has no smell. Also, accompanying the daily brushing (which should be thorough) with a good dusting in of Pulvex powder—excellent stuff, as soothing to the Dogs as it apparently is distasteful to the fleas. Beds, benches and kennels should be washed out regularly with some such reliable disinfectant as Kerol. Abroad and at home, the Kennelman has so far found these methods successful. So he recommends them.

It is reported that we are to see and hear quite a lot of the wire-haired Dachshund, at and after next month's Kennel Club Show. This variety is not quite the novelty that some writers suppose, for a neighbour of mine imported two brace of them from Germany more than thirty years ago, and has studied their working achievements—going to earth, etc.—here and in Deutschland, before and since the War. His verdict is that "they are not in any respect equal to our own Sealyhams, to mention just one of the British breeds that will always beat them." In one respect, at all events, they are an improvement on the smooth Fritz; they have straight fronts and sound fore-legs.

Nothing but harm can result from the practice of inviting people to judge at Dog Shows merely because they happen to be "good fellows," and without regard for their practical knowledge; but one sympathises with the correspondent who holds it to be a poor compliment to our English breeders of Alsatians to appoint as judges of this breed "only such persons whose names are pronounced with a cough or sneeze!" Since Englishmen have bred many of the finest Alsatians, Englishmen should be competent to judge them.

A valuable lesson (far more helpful than any "trick") to teach a Dog is the fixed principle of refusing food offered by a stranger, and, too, to refuse food offered away from his own quarters. It can be done. Helpful accessories are bits of food rubbed over with bitter aloes, or tobacco, and the good offices of a conspiratorial stranger. Puppyhood is, of course, *the* time for this and other such teaching.

All Arabs are keen on their Sloghis or hunting Dogs, but people who knew Sunset Land in pre-War days and have not been there since, may well be surprised to learn that they now have Dog Shows at places like Fez and Casa Blanca, and talk of forming a Morocco Canine Society. At present the classification is most certainly limited and peculiar; Gun-Dogs, Guard-Dogs, and Pleasure-Dogs!

BYSTANDER BRIDGE: Bidding a Hand Twice

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ONE of the most common mistakes at Bridge, and one not confined to beginners, is bidding a hand twice. The situation to which I refer is when the Declarer has already initially made a bid up to the full value of his hand and yet he re-bids it again on the second round.

This is the most fruitful source of disaster, because it gives partner an entirely false picture of the hand. If Z bids "One Heart," and then subsequently bids "Two Hearts" over an opponent's call, Y is justified in supporting him on less strength than he would need to assist a bid of one. It is a sound rule that if Declarer bids "One" of a suit, partner should not support him with less than three of his suit. But if he bids "Two," his partner can support him on outside cards. The reason is clear. A first bid of one and a subsequent bid of two should mean length as well as strength.

Here is an example from play which illustrates the danger of re-bidding a hand without the requisite length and strength:—

	S.—J, 9, 8. H.—5, 2. D.—J, 8, 5, 3. C.—A, K, Q, J.	
S.—7, 6, 4, 3. H.—A, 10, 7, 6. D.—K, Q, 2. C.—10, 4.	Y A B Z	S.—A, K, Q, 10, 2. H.—4, 3. D.—9, 7, 6. C.—8, 3, 2.
	S.—5. H.—K, Q, J, 9, 8. D.—A, 10, 4. C.—9, 7, 6, 5.	

At love score Z deals and bids "One Heart"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "One Spade"; Z, "Two Hearts"; A, "Two Spades"; Y, "Three Hearts"; B and Z, "No bid"; A, "Double"; Y, "Re-double." All pass.

This is the bidding as it occurred actually, and it is open to criticism at many points.

Z had a sound initial bid of "One Heart," but that was the limit of his hand. He ought never to have spoken again, but no doubt he was led to do so by that terrible fallacy of the singleton Spade—a liability, not an asset, if properly regarded. Y's raise to "Three Hearts" was justified on account of Z's bidding.

Z had proclaimed himself (falsely) as worth five tricks. He wasn't, and he ought not to have thought he was. But Y was not to know that. Presupposing Z to be worth five tricks, Y's raise to "Three Hearts" on four solid tricks was legitimate, but his subsequent re-double was bad. He had not a certain re-double, and the effect might have been to drive the opponents back into Spades, against which Y had small defence.

. . . . . .

A opened a Spade, and B took the trick with the 10, and led his King of Spades, forcing Z, who trumped with 8 of Hearts. Z now led King of trumps. A put on his Ace, and returned the Spade suit. Z ruffed again, and led two more rounds of Hearts, leaving A with the thirteenth trump. He then led Clubs, and took two tricks in Y's hand in that suit, A playing his trump on the third round of Clubs. A then led his last Spade, putting B in to make two tricks in that suit, and the remaining two tricks were made by Z with his Ace of Diamonds and Y's Ace of Clubs. So Z was one down on his contract and lost 200 points on the re-double.

BUCHANAN'S

(From the original painting by Landseer).

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BLACK & WHITE" combines in its Blend the finest age-matured whisky, and represents the Highest Standard of Quality in Scotch Whisky.

AGE and QUALITY are the attributes that have placed "BLACK & WHITE" in the unrivalled position which it holds in the Home Market, and in the Markets of the World.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C.1

Lipictures

BY VICTOR HICKS

No. 6: MISS ANITA ELSON

An impression of the well-known actress, who is a delight to all theatregoers. She has made a novel signature to this portrait with her lipstick, and has set a seal upon the work with her lips

Femina

TWEED, GLORIOUS TWEED

By "CANDIDA"

IT'S the fashion in these days to do one's advertising by the week. A week's attention is all that can be expected of our wandering wits. This, politely disguised, is the opinion of the prophets of the new advertising crowd, and who should know better than they the secret places of our hearts—and brains? And who's so clever at making a flattering tale out of the poor stuff our daily lot is made of? Our stupid little vanities they call our "psychology," and why not, after all? There are always two names for everything, so why not choose the pleasanter one? Our self-centredness is heavily disguised under some solid virtue or other, I forget which. Our minds, so easily changed (in theory, of course, because in practice it's all the other way), are so much proof of a nimble intelligence, and so on, and so forth. They devote their talent to the beguiling of our feminine souls for the sake of its own happiness, and—incidentally—the advertiser's pocket.

THEY have their weeks, these advertised crazes, they have their weeks, and cease to be. There was a "British Empire" week not long ago in which it was essential and ultra-patriotic to renounce all French models, Persian rugs, Chinese jade, etc. There might have been an "Eat-more-Fruit" week, just to prove what a fine banquet can be made out of bananas and oranges and things. And now, if ever, there should be a "Buy-Your-Tweed" week when tweed, glorious tweed, England's, or is it Scotland's, pride rises triumphant from the ashes of a month's desperate sale "sacrifices."

TWEED, glorious tweed! When I look at it this autumn weather, or in any other weather for that matter, I wonder how we can ever bear to live without it. The fact that we have to in London adds another disadvantage to the long list of its overcrowding, its noise and its lack of air and space. Tweed, when it does creep into Bond Street, does it on the quiet. It's strictly *incognito* on its secret way from Cowes to Scotland. "I'm present in the body," it seems to say, "but my spirit's already in the Highlands, as you can see by my clothes; that is, if you'll look at me. But the chances are that you won't even see me." Tweeds, their wearers imagine, confer on them in London a sort of magic invisibility.

NOW the wearing of tweed is an art like any other, and I've seen lots of *nouveaux riches* rush in where only the best people could afford to tread. They—the *nouveaux riches*, I mean—never seem to fit into the tweed atmosphere, so to speak, though they spend heaps on the effort, and it would rile them terribly if they knew (which, luckily, they don't) how easily and cheaply the right people get there. It's impossible to explain the right of that rightness. It stares you in the face as the most obvious thing in the world, but on near view it's an obviousness made up of a lot of unobvious qualities. There's a secret sympathy between the right people and the right tweeds. One knows so well the sort of person, living in the depths of the back of beyond, who always wears the sort of tweeds that become more and more essential to happiness as they grow older and older. In the beginning (if ever they had one) the tweeds were cut by someone who knew his job, and they stick valiantly to theirs while one thread hangs upon another.

TWEEDS like these, the only really right tweeds, owe their distinction to their lack of distinctiveness. Inside them the best people forget them altogether; forget their greenish-brownish-greyness, their looseness, not to say shapelessness, their generous warmth like that of a friendly fire, their adaptability, their unobtrusiveness and goodness knows what else. They live in them an existence on whose far horizon the clothes consciousness hasn't even dawned. Into this paradise, where one shoots and golf and gardens, no serpent prattling of cut, and change, and new lines for old, ever enters. At times—happily few and far between—when the best of tweeds decide at last that holding together is getting a bit beyond them, their owners go to the same old tailor and order the same old thing, which doesn't enjoy the privilege of their friendship and confidence until it's been rained on by many rains. But the extraordinary thing is that the best tweeds on the best people never look new, even at their newest. Almost at once they lose colour and become background; immediately they take on kinks. It's the triumph of personality over environment, whatever that may mean. It's impossible to explain. These things are, or they are not, and you can no more achieve successful tweediness unless you're born to it than an ordinary mortal can learn Russian in a fortnight. It runs in the best families, and is inherited with the family place and what's left of the family income.

RECENTLY ENGAGED *Valentine*

Miss Elspeth Service, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Stanley Service, of Hampstead, whose engagement to Mr. D. A. Crawford, the Oxford Hockey Blue, has been announced. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Crawford, of Liverpool

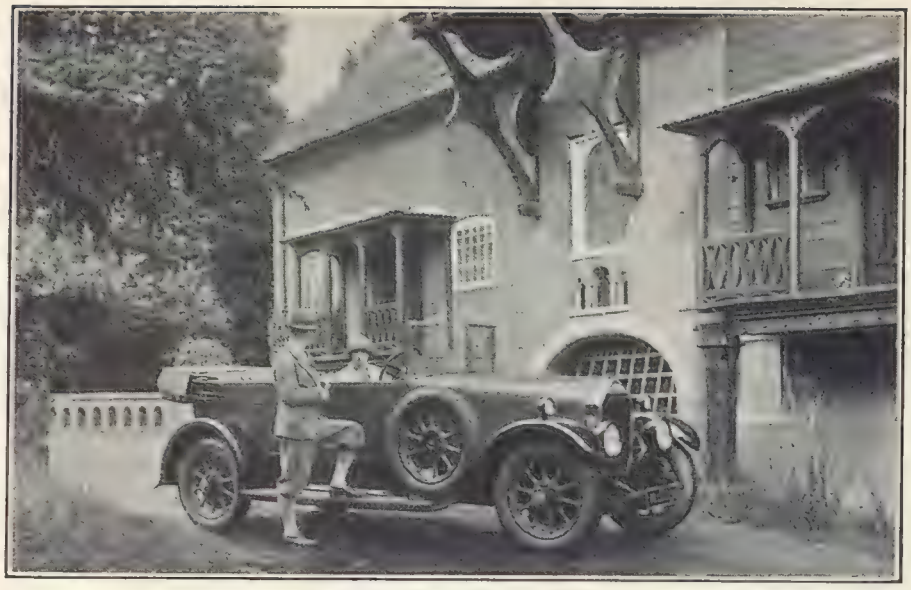
RESTING IN THE SUNSHINE

Madame Marguerite D'Alvarez, the famous singer, photographed on the Lido where she has been recuperating after a strenuous spring season in New York. She begins a series of concerts in London in the early Autumn

TWEEDS, moors, and miles of heather and lovely limpid little streams were made for each other; which is no reason, however, why the tweeds should take a pride in always looking their most disreputable as soon as they scent their native heath. Scotland has a demoralising effect on one's clothes. It robs them of their self-consciousness even when they're only a holiday adventure, and not a lifelong habit. Immediately they take on a weather-beaten appearance. This freedom from the bondage of having to look nice is in the soul of the tweed which shouts at you of its plain living. It's a law unto itself, is tweed, glorious tweed. . . .

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT



IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

A photograph taken at the picturesque old mill at Blackdown in Warwickshire. The car in the foreground is a Humber "Six"

In the bad old days of gummy engines that could hardly be turned, much less started by hand when cold, it used to be thought that good oil was necessarily a thick oil and *vice versa*, and that such drawbacks were more than outweighed by the efficiency of the lubricant that caused them. I have been running my Humber this season on an oil new to me, though not by any means new to the British market, while on the Continent it has been on sale for many years and has a long list of successes to its credit in racing and competition work. The feature of this oil, which is called Speedolene, is that it is 33⅓ per cent. thinner when cold, yet 10 per cent. thicker when hot than ordinary engine oil of similar efficiency. Thickness, or viscosity, as the technical men term it, is certainly desirable, but not when the engine is cold. Certainly viscosity when cold is no proof of goodness; on the contrary, it makes the engine difficult to start, and in really cold weather may congeal so badly as to clog the passages and starve the bearings of oil until it is warmed through. Also it is the oils that are thickest when cold that deposit the most carbon.

***

It is at high temperatures that thickness is needed. Hence the advantages claimed for Speedolene are extremely convenient. It is a thin oil on which neither heat nor cold in extremes have any serious effect. Thus one grade (there are only four in the whole range) can be used in one's engine all the year round. It is so thin when cold that it is easy to pour, does not impede starting, and can be depended upon to respond immediately to the pulses of the oil pump even in the coldest weather. When thoroughly warmed through there appears to be no appreciable difference in thickness. Another point in its favour is that oxidation—the process of deterioration which makes an oil film gummy—is very much less than usual, and it is claimed that Speedolene retains its goodness longer, so that the contents of the sump need not be changed so frequently as is usually advised. It is difficult to verify all these claims in ordinary owner-driver's use, even for the best part of the season, but I am certainly very well satisfied with the behaviour of the oil in my Humber, and there is no evidence that its sponsors have overstated their case.

***

I recently had an opportunity of testing a 15-50 h.p. Bianchi open tourer. This is a fine example of the best Italian practice, from a very old concern with long associations in this country. The engine is a four-cylinder of 2,300 c.c. capacity, carrying a tax of £15. It has overhead valves, develops 54 h.p. on the brake. I give these particulars rather fully because it is the engine that matters on this car. The chief impression one receives from it at the very outset is of Power, with a capital "P"—Power immediately available at any engine speed. The acceleration on top gear, whether you are travelling at 4 or 40 m.p.h. when you begin to depress the pedal, is quite exceptional for a four-cylinder car. It does not depend on revs., and its capacity for urging the speedometer needle round the dial does not seem to vary much anywhere in its speed range.

***

It is always an advantage, whatever the car, to slip into the next lowest gear when one wants faster acceleration below a certain speed. But on this Bianchi the difference of the result is not nearly so striking, simply because the engine pulls so well at slow speeds on top gear that there is no need to change down. On the car tested both springing and steering were on the stiff side, but this is appreciated at high speeds, when the car holds the road faultlessly and is very easily controlled. It had done a gruelling mileage, and there were a number of rattles evident. Apart from this I have no grumbles. The body is exceedingly handsome and comfortable, and altogether it is a car on which very high speeds should be possible without fatigue. The price of this model is £525.

***

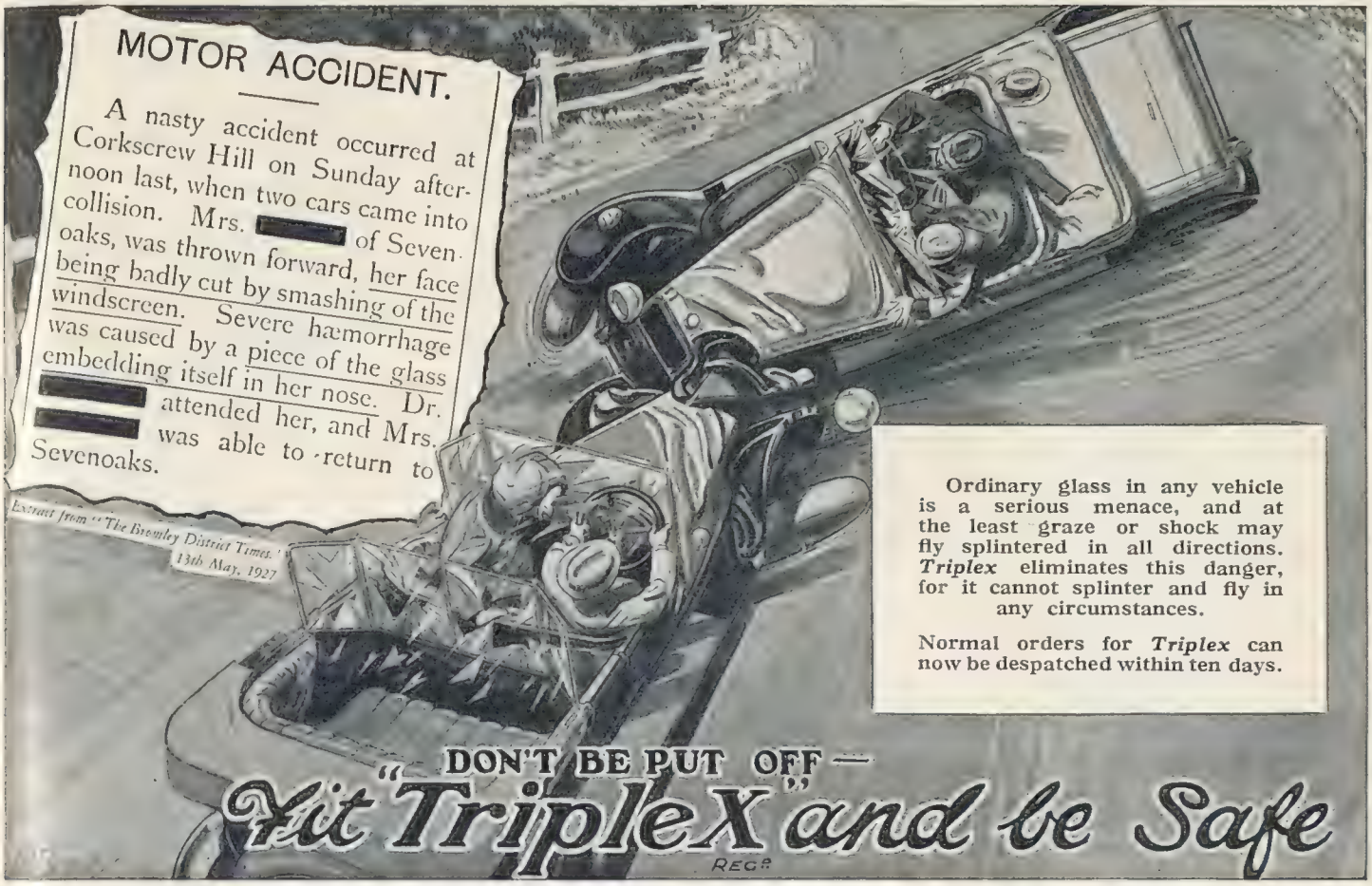
The Daimler Company have got into a very praiseworthy habit in recent years of publishing their programmes and catalogues for the following season on August 1st, a month earlier than the date when these declarations usually begin. For 1928 the Daimler range remains the same as last year, with the addition of one interesting new model, a "Double-Six" of 30 h.p. rating. The engine is similar in design and layout to the 50 h.p. twelve-cylinder introduced last year, which is now termed the "Double-Six 50."

***

A new item in the catalogue is that instead of giving the wheelbase (which, of course, varies with engine length and axle position, and is really no guide to the amount of room available for the body) the Daimler people now specify the body space available on each model. The usual wide range is obtainable, and the makers "think it unnecessary to apologise for the profusion of choice, because a private carriage is naturally a matter in which individual taste should be allowed full scope." After all, that is one of the attributes of the Daimler which has helped to make its name. An interesting new feature is that the radiator of both double-six models is distinguished by a vertical bar down the middle.

ROADSIDE SHOPPING

An Armstrong Siddeley pulled up at the stall of a roadside trader in the country. In fine weather these traders do a big business with passing cars, their prices comparing very favourably with those of the neighbouring shops



The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
also
The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., 75, West Street, New York.

KING'S CUP AIR RACE

1927

FASTEST TIME OF THE DAY 141·6 M.P.H.

By VICKERS "VIXEN III"
Entrant—DOUGLAS VICKERS
Pilot—Flight Lieut. E. R. C. SCHOLEFIELD

—who used, as did the winners of every previous KING'S CUP AIR RACE, a standard grade of—

WAKEFIELD
Castrol Regd.
MOTOR OIL

—obtainable at any garage.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

1922 . 1923 . 1924 . 1925 . 1926
and again
1927

King's Cup Air Race

won on

K·L·G

SPARKING PLUGS

"Fit and Forget"
K.L.G. Plugs

Out for the Evening

Be sure to take along a bottle of "**4711**" (pronounced *four seven eleven*) Eau de Cologne — You are then assured of enjoying the evening to the full. By inhaling its delightful fragrance you will overcome the effects of close atmosphere in theatre or ballroom and ward off headache.

A little sprinkled on the handkerchief and occasionally dabbing the temples and wrists will keep you fresh the whole evening.

In the bath or toilet basin sprinkle some "**4711**." This will keep the skin fresh, sweet and clean and the whole body in a perfect state of well-being.

When asking for Eau de Cologne be sure it is "**4711**," with the Blue and Gold Label, for then you are assured of the Eau de Cologne with a reputation of nearly 150 years for unrivalled fragrance — guaranteed strength and absolute purity.

Of all Dealers in
High Class Perfumes

2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 14/-, 15/-,
30/- & 56/- per bottle

Look for the №4711. on each bottle, THE HALL-MARK OF QUALITY.

№4711. Eau de Cologne

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

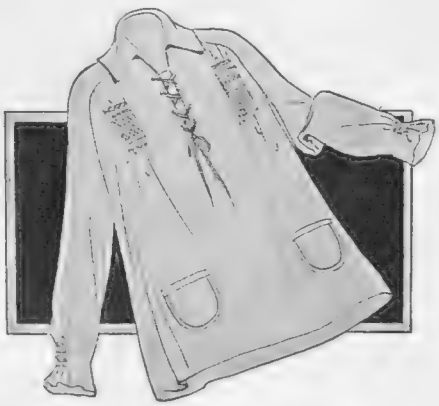
A Sun-Silk jumper suit that people going abroad will particularly appreciate. Lilla of 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, carries it out in all the latest shades

Between the Seasons

FROM mid-August onwards, when summer is merging into autumn, is the time when more thought has to be expended on dressing than at almost any other season of the year, unless, of course, one is content not to "dress" but just to "wear clothes"—two very different things! Summer toilettes are beginning to get "that tired look," and it is obviously too early in the season to don winter ones, though the question of *ordering* them should be taken into consideration.

Checked Skirts are Fashionable

AT early autumn race meetings, etc., the majority of smart women will solve the problem with *tailleurs*, either of the suit or three-piece variety. At the moment these are usually carried out in the neutral shades, grey, camel-brown, etc., sometimes a brighter colour, such as scarlet, royal, or jade, being used with them. In the case of three-pieces, this will be introduced in the form of borders or piping; on tailored suits, the coat will be of the neutral shade, and the skirt overchecked with the gayer one. French coating flannel, the various suitings, and, of course, kashas, are the popular fabrics, the latter, in their newest form, carried out in two tones and made with borders, being particularly suitable for the latest version of the three-piece.



It's an unwise woman who fails to include in her wardrobe one of the famous Lilla smocks

The Vogue for Black

ALL the latest collections contain quite a number of black *tailleurs* carried out in fine cloths and suitings and also in velvet, for velvet, particularly black velvet, promises to be the rage. This fabric, needless to say, does not lend itself to very severe tailoring, the coats that belong to suits being cut on loose lines, rather reminiscent of the sac shape that has been lying dormant for so long, and in length only reaching to the hips; indeed, all costume coats are short at the moment. By way of introducing a colour note into black costumes, jumpers of vivid-coloured silk *crêpe*, cerise or jade or royal, are often worn, and very smart they look.

Above: A black felt and plush model for the older woman. Left: A velours sports model. Right: One of the new felts, carried out in blue and stitched with white. Sketched at Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W.1.

Sketches by Renée Maude

Autumn Millinery

AND hats! Never more important than in early autumn, for fresh millinery adds a longer lease of life to many a frock and costume. The new "felts" (for felt is used for the majority of the early autumn models, with a sprinkling of velvet and velour) certainly do not lack variety. Cording or stitching is a favourite form of trimming, also pieces of felt inserted or *appliqué* in self or contrasting colours; some-

An attractive frock in printed silk, obtainable in many lovely colourings and designs, sponsors the flounce effect that is so fashionable this autumn (Lilla)

Miss E. Angold

A cot of white organdie muslin, embellished with circlets of forget-me-nots and pink rosebuds, is a fitting setting for the most important person in the house. Sketched at Walpole's, 89-90, New Bond Street

New Styles for Old

INDEED, how to be smart on a small income is one of the problems that Lilla has solved, not only with her new models but with her remodelling service, that evolves at very small cost from frocks, costumes, evening gowns, etc., that have become old-fashioned (for modes change quickly to-day), entirely up-to-date creations. A most interesting little booklet dealing fully with the subject will be sent on application, which also describes how Lilla's Postal Service, with special arrangements on behalf of dwellers overseas, makes it possible for every woman to participate.

The Younger Generation

IT's good news for the busy young married women of to-day that everything dainty and up to date for that important person, Baby, is to be found at Messrs. Walpole, 89 to 90, New Bond Street. An exquisite cot set, for instance. Here it is sketched. It is made of white organdie muslin, and trimmed with ruched frills and three charming coloured circlets of forget-me-nots and pink rosebuds. Complete with an iron Universal folding cot the cost is five guineas, and a wicker hamper basket trimmed to match, that contains the small arrival's *trousseau*, is 59*s.* 9*d.* This same price will purchase a baby's robe (the last word in daintiness) made of white organdie and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Smocks are fashionable for small folk. The one sketched below, expressed in white, sky, lemon, or pink *crêpe de Chine*, is priced at 29*s.* 9*d.*; and Messrs. Walpole also stock the most adorable little nursery frocks. These cost, in fine hand-embroidered lawn, 12*s.* 11*d.*; in fine hair-cord muslin, with linen collars and cuffs of *vieux rose*, blue etc., 15*s.* 11*d.*; and 5*s.* 11*d.* is the price of the daintiest hand-embroidered, lace-trimmed lawn bibs.

Little People (and their Mammas) prefer smocks! Crêpe de Chine, in sky, pink, lemon or white, carries out this attractive little model. (From Walpole's)

Never Too Young to Begin

THAT is what modern parents think with regard to cultivating a dress sense in their offspring, for certainly every day and in every respect children's clothes grow more and more fascinating. With the autumn school term in prospect and nursery people not wishing to be out of things, children of all ages are being fitted out (and are fitting themselves out!) in the Juvenile Department of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The younger generation to-day are tremendously interested in their clothes, and keen interest attaches to the choice of smartly cut little tweed coats, with stitched matching hats, simple afternoon frocks of *crêpe de Chine*, tussore, and georgette, every kind of stockinette garment—indeed, to everything that the juvenile world, large and small, will wear during the coming season. See, sketched at the bottom of the page, a little girl's frock of printed tussore, with plain collar and cuffs, every bit as smart and up-to-date as Mamma's; next door is a delightful little garment, with matching knickers, suitable for a very small person of either sex, made of deep cream linen, with coloured collar and bindings.

times felt is used in conjunction with another material, such as plush or velvet. Sketched on the previous page are three new models from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W.1. The centre one, designed for the older woman, is expressed in black felt and plush, the latter material, which is used for the brim, gives a most softening effect to the face, and at the back felt wings, extending to either side, create a becoming background. To the left is a new velour sports model, which can be obtained in all the fashionable shades, simply trimmed with a petersham band. And on the right white stitching on a hat of cornflower-blue felt strikes a new note.

Clothes for Abroad

DWELLERS abroad, for many of whom "leave" is shortly up, or those who propose to start on their travels during the next few weeks, will be interested to hear about the attractive "hot weather" clothes of which Lilla, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, makes a speciality. Two of her models have been sketched on the preceding page. The left-hand one, a jumper suit, with the fashionable tucked trimming, is expressed in Sun-Silk, an unfadable fabric of delightful texture, made in all the newest shades (5 guineas). The one on the right, displaying the up-to-date tunic effect, is carried out in a special quality of printed silk, which offers an enormous range of artistic colourings and designs (8½ guineas). And in the centre is shown the famous Lilla smock, one of the most becoming garments in the world, which ranges in price from 17*s.* 11*d.* in a tub fabric to 62*s.* 6*d.* in Sun-Silk.

A "Little Girl's" frock of printed tussore, fashioned on quite up-to-date lines, and an attractive cream linen suit that can be worn by a small person of either sex. Sketched in the Juvenile Department of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody Wigmore Street, W.

Sketches by E. Angold

Up-to-Date Sports Kit

MODERN woman (wise creature!) is beginning to realise that her sports kit, even for so strenuous a pursuit as shooting, can be entirely practical carried out in lightweight fabrics . . . and just as well-cut, too! With an "Indian summer" in view (we certainly haven't had much of the ordinary variety!), Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford

(*Continued on page* viii)

Manicure Case in real leather, in various colours, fitted as illustrated.
Code No. T.143
Price 35/6

DISTINCTION

WOMAN achieves distinction in her dress and her person by following natural intuition. For manicure sets, "bobbed" sets, and all toilet and boudoir requirements she cannot do better than to visit Toilet Departments where special regard has been given to everything which my lady may demand in her toilet. So she goes to

The Boots Chemists

DISPENSING CHEMISTS
PERFUMERS AND
TOILET SPECIALISTS

EIGHT HUNDRED BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

It is a habit with Armand Belli of the New Princes:

'Naturally, with the steak or the grill, it is demanded also a sauce. And always since I remember I have served the Lea & Perrin: it is—how you say?—my duty to the good cooking of the chef. For the most particular clientele of the Princes it would be a little disaster to give any other.'

A. Belli

At lunch or dinner time, 'good taste' everywhere insists on Lea and Perrins

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

1/- and 1/9 a bottle

Street, are making a speciality of smart sports models, expressed in fancy wools, silk and wool mixtures, and every variety of stockinette. There is a delightful and thoroughly practical shooting outfit that consists of a knitted jumper and waistcoat in a marl mixture, and a tweed skirt specially woven to match. This is priced at 9 guineas, and knit wool spattees, perfectly fitting and coming well over the knee, complete it; in neat check patterns these cost 12s. 6d. per pair. A golf suit of marl stockinette, the skirt pleated to give complete freedom of movement, is 8½ guineas; and 6 guineas purchases a knitted three-piece, in silver-lain yarn, with a striped jumper and sleeveless coat. And these are only some of many attractive styles!

Malcolm Arbuthnot

"JACOBY"

A well-known and popular figure with thousands of visitors to the Piccadilly Hotel, the Grill Room of which he presided over for thirteen years. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he has recently been appointed General Manager of the Piccadilly

FOR THE CHILDREN

A suggested lay-out for the King's Fields, the children's playground at Hampton Wick, presented by His Majesty. It has been planned by one of the National Playing Fields Association's experts

Do It Now!

Buy furs, I mean! Some uncertainty may exist as to the autumn fashions in frocks, but so far as furs are concerned Paris has made her pronouncements. At the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4, where extraordinarily reasonable prices prevail, there are many new models to be seen, in coats for sporting, afternoon and evening wear, and, of course, in stoles, too, which promise large and small to be particularly fashionable. Furriers are a little less busy at the moment than they will be later on, so any repairs and alterations, for which this firm is particularly noted, should be put in hand at once. All furs will be stored free of charge until they are needed.

Helping the Children

Nothing is so important for young children as an opportunity to indulge in healthy outdoor games in pleasant surroundings and under sympathetic supervision. The National Playing Fields Association is doing great work in establishing these playgrounds for the children of the nation, and His Majesty's gracious gift of the King's Fields at Hampton Wick shows how closely the King follows the admirable work of the Association. Funds are still urgently needed to establish further playing fields for our children, and all those who are anxious to help in improving the lot of the little ones to whom "the play's the thing" should send a donation to help on the work. The address of the National Playing Fields Association is 66, Chandos Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Emphasize Your Personality!

Modern styles of hairdressing bring out both beauty and personality. But neither of these can be maintained if your coiffure does not receive the right attention. That is why it is so important to use only the best of hair-brushes, namely, the *"MASON PEARSON"*—regularly. Your coiffure, instead of being smart and gleaming, loses all its charm and becomes dull and lifeless if you neglect it.

You cannot have healthy hair and a smart modern coiffure without constant brushing, and the *"MASON PEARSON"* brush is your greatest aid in maintaining that beauty. Its bristles go down through your hair, stimulate the scalp, promote circulation and consequent richness of growth, while cleansing the hair and bringing out the soft gleaming lights which make the modern mode of hairdressing so fascinating and such a subtle expression of your personality.

Guard the health and beauty of your hair with a *"MASON PEARSON."* It costs only 1d. a week and a few moments every day.

Be sure it's a "MASON PEARSON," the original and the best, invented 1885—look for the name on the handle.

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Also in Military style in all grades except "Shingle."

MASON PEARSON
HAIR BRUSH

You can obtain from Boots', Selfridge's, Harrods, Barkers', Timothy White's, and all High-class Stores, Chemists Hair-dressers, or direct (enclose 3d. for postage on the 4 smaller sizes), from MASON PEARSON Selling Agency, Ld., 59, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

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One of the numerous Gazeway Show Gardens

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Real Java Lizard, Saddle waist, Black, White and Grey combination **45/-**

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255, OXFORD ST., W. (*Next to JAYS.*)

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PURE SILK CRÊPE DE CHINE HAND-MADE NIGHTDRESS, an exact copy of a Paris model made in our own workrooms, round neck and armholes bound with a rouleau of self material trimmed with an attractive motif of lace in front. In lime green, coral, pink, yellow, cyclamen, mauve, sky and ivory

PRICE **29/6**

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NIGHTDRESS in reliable silk georgette. In coral, violet, sky, yellow, ivory, pink, green and mauve, **49/6**.
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DAINTY LACE BOUDOIR CAP to match all lingerie, **21/9**

In outsize, Nightdress, **5/-** extra; Chemise, **2/6** extra; Knickers, **2/6** extra.

Debenham & Freebody. (DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square), London, W.1

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GIRL'S KNITTED DRESS and KNICKER SET in light weight wool of best quality, embroidered at neck, waist and cuffs with pretty design in contrasting shades. Colours, saxe, fawn, dark apricot, biskra, almond. Sizes 16 inches to 22 inches.

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CHILD'S BREECHETTE SUIT in fine wool with attractive animal design on border. Colours, white/sky, white/pink. Sizes 14 ins., 16 ins.

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Other sizes and colours made to order

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The MENU

LIGHT SAVOURY DISHES

Melon Salad (Iced).
Purée of Green Peas.
Soufflé of Cauliflower.
Stuffed Cucumber.
Nut and Cheese Savoury.

Melon Salad (Iced)

Cut a small melon into rather thin slices. Remove the pulpy part and put the sliced melon in a deep dish. Season with salt and pepper and a small teaspoonful of onion purée. Cover and stand on the ice for an hour. Mix in a small basin three tablespoonfuls of Lucca oil with the strained juice of a lemon, one dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar and one tablespoonful of whipped cream. Stir well, pour the dressing over the slices of melon and serve.

Purée of Green Peas

This is a useful recipe for peas which are too old to serve plainly boiled. Shell a pint of peas, boil them in a little water, with salt, a pinch of carbonate of soda and a little mint. When cooked, strain them and pass through a sieve. Place the peas in a stewpan with 1 oz. of butter, season with pepper and salt, and add one tablespoonful of cream, or the same quantity of condensed milk. Make very hot and serve. Broad beans can be cooked in the same way served as a vegetable purée.

Soufflé of Cauliflower

Boil a good-sized cauliflower, cook until tender, then drain and cut up into neat pieces. Place in a buttered soufflé dish with alternate layers of raw shred tomatoes, season with a very little salt and pepper, and cover with the following sauce: Melt 2 ozs. of butter, stir into it 2 ozs. of flour, add half a pint of milk, the raw yolks of three eggs and a dust of cayenne pepper and salt. Stir till it boils. Add 3 ozs. of Parmesan cheese and the whites of the three eggs whipped stiff. Mix well and pour into a soufflé dish. Bake twenty-five minutes. This is particularly recommended for a savoury

Stuffed Cucumber

Peel a nice-shaped cucumber, cut it in half lengthways and stuff it with a mince of any kind of cooked meat or chicken and ham; if the latter it must be mixed with a good white sauce, sprinkled with grated cheese; if stuffed with a mince of any kind of cooked meat, a minced shallot, some herbs and a good large tablespoonful of Tomato Mayonnaise (Mayonnato), salt and pepper to taste. Put the two halves together, tie with tape and braise until the cucumber is tender, about 30 minutes. Serve with a thick gravy.

Nut and Cheese Savoury

Mix a small cream cheese with two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, one cupful of finely chopped Brazil nuts, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt. Roll into small balls and fry in hot fat. Serve cold.

Emilia.

The Bystander

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In the newest season's colours.

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10½ Gns.

Dress, separately **7 Gns.**

Waistcoat „ **3½ „**

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AN essential addition to the toilette of every woman are Ciro Pearls. Reproducing with matchless fidelity all the rare beauty of real Oriental pearls, they add an indefinable charm to your looks and dress.

Call at our showrooms and try on various Necklets at your leisure. You will find one which is not just a necklet of pearls chosen at hazard, but expressing your own particular individuality, with each pearl of just the right size, and precisely the correct tint for YOU.

Or, if you cannot call, send us a Guinea for a 16-inch Ciro Pearl Necklet that you cannot distinguish from real pearls. You may wear it for a fortnight, and if it does not give you entire satisfaction return it to us and we will refund your money in full.

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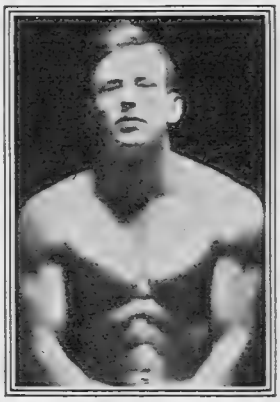

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performing the valuable central-isolation of the abdominal wall, a gradually-acquired power which is specific in curing constipation and indigestion, and will bring about a recession of the abdominal wall, however distended it may be at present.

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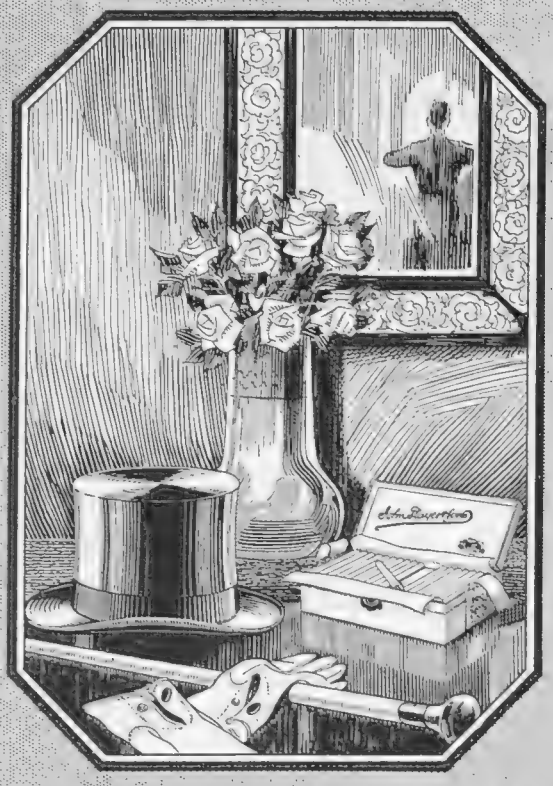

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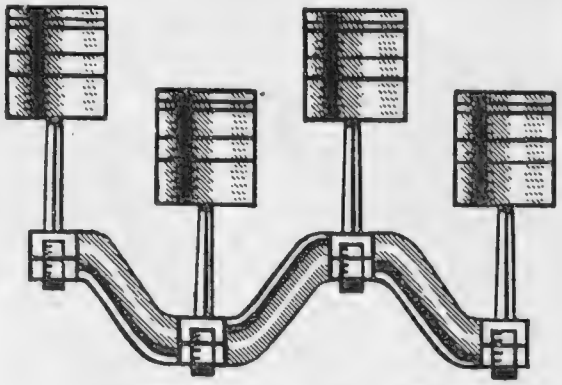

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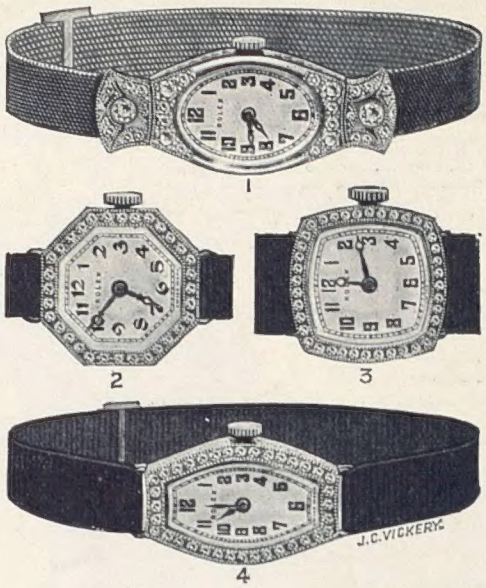

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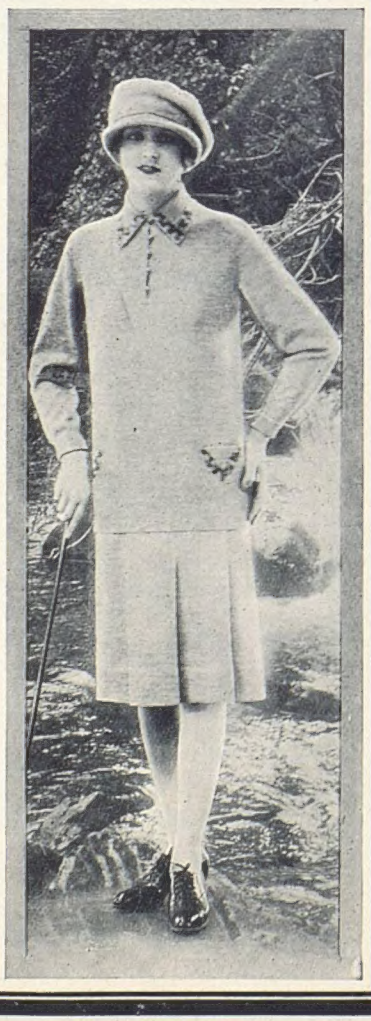

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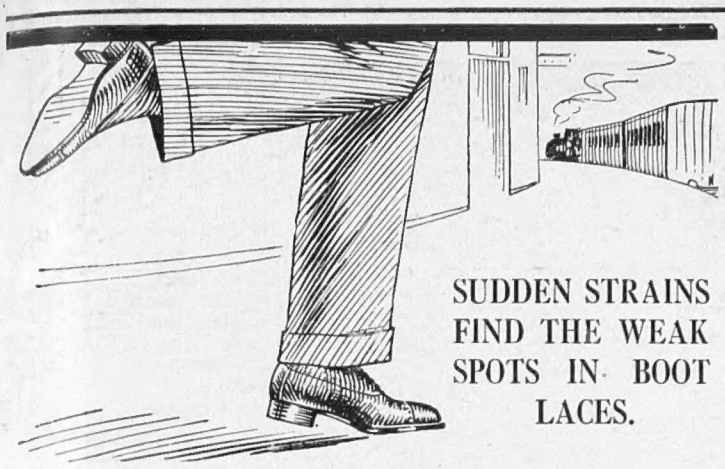

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